

Old Topics
New Writers

MARCH

Telephone, Main 5260

An American Paper for the American People

AMAZING STORY OF

Plot to Mexico to Find Red Forgery Submitted to U

Irish, With Col. Arthur Woods,
a Mighty Communist Upris-
cross the Rio Grande and
patched Dr. Nozovitsky
Bring Back the Details

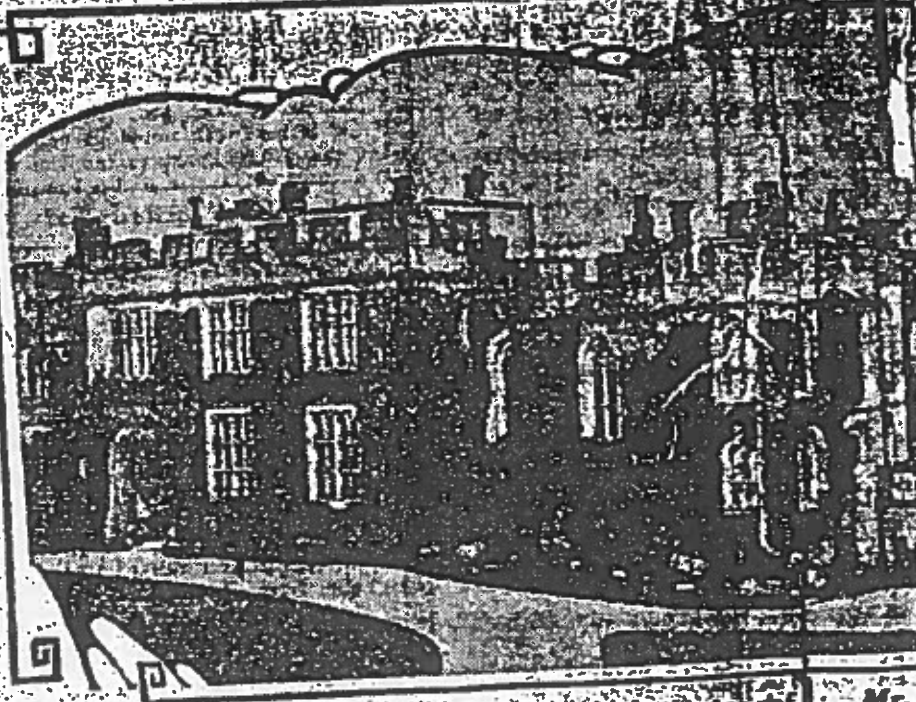
REPORT TAKEN TO HUGHES
ICO SOUGHT RECOGNITION

FOREWORD

FOR JACOB NOZOVITSKY, international spy,
inspiration and super-forgery, is the villain of this
narrative. And the narrative is his own!
Jacob Nozovitsky is a Russian, tall, slender,
sneaky. He is a polished product of the Russian
Service, which schools its pupils to Machiavel-
He says he is thirty-five years old.

Jacob Nozovitsky operated for the United States
Service, and was later employed by Sir Basil Thomp-
England's famous Scotland Yard. He has played
with the state secrets of three governments.

Mr. Marsh, a wealthy capitalist of New York and
Ohio, who leases Warwick Castle, one of the
castles of England, and who is the counsellor of
in both sides of the Atlantic, sent "Doctor" Jacob



WARWICK CASTLE, one of the historical estates of
England, which was leased by Henry W. Marsh,
wealthy capitalist, of New York and Cleveland.

Mr.
to
ing

Plot Only a Joke, H Back Luria Re

at the time the question of American recognition of the government of Obregon was before the United States Department of State, a matter in which big business interests in America were vitally interested.

There was spread before the eyes of Mr. Charles Hughes, then Secretary of State, a most disturbing vision. A vision of a mighty army marching through the Republic of Mexico under the flaming banners of Bolshevism. The army was being quietly organized by agents of the United States government. The land below the Rio Grande was in the clutch of a communist movement, and just waiting the word to raise its crimson flags to the sky, and to begin a bloody struggle against the organized government and capital.

Hughes perhaps slept little that night, as his mind dwelt on the documents submitted to him that day by Mr. and Colonel Arthur Woods, former police commissioner of New York city, once Assistant Secretary of War, a distinguished soldier and a nephew by marriage to J. Pierpont Morgan.

Perspiration of Apprehension

Ever the vision conjured up by "Doctor" Nozovitsky's undoubtedly occupied the minds in our Department for a time, and kept capital, as represented by Mr. and Colonel Woods, in a perspiration of apprehension. Two years and five months later before Mexico was invaded by the United States.

For "Doctor" Jacob Nozovitsky is telling the story of his career in the Hearst newspapers, beginning with this article. His American adventure is but one of a long series of strange episodes in diplomatic duplicity and cunning.

His title is a forgery. He sailed, through British consular influences, on the Twentieth Century Express to the Mediterranean, the fast Mauretania, as assistant surgeon. The medical certificate on which he got this appointment was fraudulently issued by someone on what appeared to be the diploma of an important medical college at Detroit.

For "Doctor" Jacob Nozovitsky had led a thrilling life long before he entered the employ of the wealthy Mr. Marsh. He was an associate on the mission to Mexico. As a mere boy he cut his way with a dozen comrades through a cordon of Russian Secret Service police who had surrounded their assembly meeting place.

He worked for the United States among a few American communists while the Communists thought he was working for them. He was in the employ of England while he was

(Continued on Page 8, Column 4.)



HENRY W. MARSH, wealthy capitalist of New York and Cleveland, Ohio, who sensed a serious Communist plot in Mexico and sent an international spy to secure details.



COLONEL ARTHUR WOODS, former police commissioner of New York city, who was at the meeting at which Henry W. Marsh sent the spy to Mexico to find the details of the Bolshevik plot.

- Bolshevik Movement Earn \$25,000 a Day Reports That Uprising Imminent

By JACOB NOZOVITSKY

IT WAS in February, 1921, that my life began. I will tell you how I came to know Mr. Henry W. Marsh and other Communist matters with which I had been invited to Warwick, England. But in this chapter I will tell of how some very influential gentlemen discovered the details of a big Communist plot for the overthrow of the American State Department. At the beginning I dined at the home of Mr. Marsh and Colonel Arthur Woods in big affairs.

As they outlined what they wanted to do to other days. Although I was a student at Kiev and had to flee from there, it was good to me and the work I had done in the Hotel style my natural style. I had been a very good one and I worked for it. But time changed. The murder of my brother in Russia, the revenge and with all the Bolshevik world it was easy to sell my services to the Government Department of Justice.

Possessed Communist

Mr. Marsh knew all of what I had done. I have Communist connections which make me the possessor of Communist credentials which go anywhere as a Communist.

When he invited me to dine with him, I just ceased to be chief commissioner of the Government and with him at the Plaza Hotel, I attended Communist councils. The Communists with millionaires and high officials. Each side thought I was valuable. I had a very good dinner that Mr. Marsh gave me and an entertaining host. But the most important to that little company.

Soon the conversation shifted to a communist situation down there and I stood that I was expected to do so.

After a little talk Mr. Marsh said that he would like to see me go

Mr. B sensed a serious and often...
 Nozov...
 histor...
 Cleve...
 Hen...
 pich...
 son, ch...
 Secret...
 D...
 han...
 Soled...
 NAME...
 Doc...

"D,"

AS M
 FALS

in
 Sen

H. W.

Se

A

W

"DOCTOR" JACOB NOZOVITSKY, international spy, conspirator and super-forgery, who tells the almost unbelievable story of intrigue in Mexico and the United States. The narrative is supported by official documents and statements.

Then, after I got over the surprise of the invitation it was explained to me that it was desired for me to go to Mexico and get evidence of Communist activities. They said they wanted to prove that there was a powerful Communist movement which was getting a hold on Mexico and that it might spread and become a danger to the United States. Communists knew little of what was going on in Mexico and naturally I had little expected such a mission. They began to argue with me that with my connections I could go into Mexico and get a lot of information that would not be ordinarily obtainable.

Serious Picture of Mexico

I had been told that Mr. Marsh had intensive interests in Mexico and that Colonel Woods was once interested in a Mexico lumber company. Looking back over that dinner it is interesting to recall that Thomas W. Lamont, of J. P. Morgan and Company, was acting for the bankers who held many millions of dollars of Mexico bonds in default. Newspapers were reporting that Obregon wanted first recognition by President Harding and that the bankers wanted first an agreement with Mexico about their bonds.

A very serious picture of things in Mexico was drawn for me during the dinner and I was giving to understand that it would be better for the United States to have the enmity of Mexico than her good will if the Communists were in the saddle. Mr. Marsh said he had heard that members of President Obregon's cabinet were Communists.

Promised \$25,000 for Doing Work

And I began to figure how much truth there might be in the picture as they outlined it and how much, if anything, could be gotten to back up their ideas. But they said they wanted stuff in documentary form to back them up, and that they were willing to pay a good price for it.

[Nozovitzky was asked to state point blank that if at this dinner party it was said or implied that he was to manufacture such evidence. In fairness to both Mr. Marsh and Colonel Woods, it must be stated that he was not told to forge or fake any documents. He was employed by them, and he produced what he thought they wanted—News Editor.]

By the time we got through talking I had the clear understanding that I was to stay in Mexico until I came back with
 (Continued on Page 6, Column 1.)

ALL INFORMATION CONTAINED HEREIN IS UNCLASSIFIED

82220



CHARLES E. HUGHES, Secretary of State at the time, to whom was submitted the forged documents of "Doctor" Nozovitsky about a Mexican uprising.



ALVARO OBREGON, who was President of Mexico at the time the fake Communist plot was reported to the U. S. Secretary of State. President Obregon was then seeking recognition of his government by the United States.

ident
 come
 ed on
 row I
 en in
 If you
 scover
 how I
 k the
 York
 ortant
 i back
 ecut
 d been
 Plaza
 ist, I
 se and
 lso the
 ind to
 ut the
 States
 me to
 I to be
 me to
 ho had
 police,
 e inner
 contact
 ant.
 wonder-
 lightful
 east im-
 and the
 o under-
 able and
 or them.

THE SPY BENDS RABBIT USES BY GIVING

Judge Gary, in Bed, Quizzed Nosovitsky for Two Hours About Matters Affecting the Soviet in Russia

By "DOCTOR" JACOB NOSOVITSKY
The Famous International Spy

NOW I want to tell you how, through psychological methods, I succeeded in transforming one of the most important American Communists into an easy-going gentleman who craved to live at the best hotels, have his nails manicured, and walked in freshly pressed dinner clothes into the mellow lights of a fashionable hotel dining room punctually for dinner every evening.

The man was Louis Fraina, the extremist of whom the newspapers printed so much a few years ago.

But before going into that I shall tell you the finish of my experience with Henry W. Marsh, New York capitalist, temporary lord of Warwick Castle, who proposed to have a great international business organization to offset the Communist movement.

After the receipt of his cable to Mrs. Marsh suggesting that I get Scotland Yard to agree to let me return to America to work for him on this proposition, I want to see Colonel Carter at the yard, as I have already narrated and, ending my connection there, hastened to New York. But to explain the situation here let me outline the circumstances. On one of my previous trips to New York Mr. Marsh had arranged for me to meet Mr. S. O. Vander Poel, of the insurance firm of Vander Poel, Pausner and Jefferson.

Mr. Vander Poel suggested that I see Judge E. H. Gary, of the United States Steel Corporation as one man who would be interested in the inside movements of the Communists. He took me to see Judge Gary, who was installed at his home in Jericho, Long Island.

See Judge Gary in bed

came in to see us. Mr. Baker, whose father, head of the First National Bank of New York, is one of the richest men in the world, asked me a great many questions, going from one end of the Communist movement to the other. He seemed to want to get the same kind of information that Judge Gary sought and he smiled as I showed him that the Communist movement was very much overrated. The next day Mr. Vanderpoel handed me \$2,000, or \$2,500, and said it was a gift from Mr. Baker.

I went to England and later came my resignation from Scotland Yard. When I reported to Mr. Marsh at once in New York, he said:

"Your first assignment will be to go to Europe and make a general survey and have two assistants of yours here reporting to me."

I started at once and went to England, France, Germany, Belgium, Austria, the Slavich countries. I reached the Russian border. On the trip I got a lot of information and wrote a report of 142 typewritten pages. In short, I reported there were traces of great discontent among the workers in Europe, but that Europe was a long way from revolution. On this trip I posed as a newspaper correspondent for the McLean News, having obtained

JUDGE E. H. GARY, steel magnate (left), Fraina (center), prominent Communist showing him London's night life, and Jacob agent of the Soviet, was in the service of So



tried as a traitor, and I thought that a taste of high life might make him very valuable for my governmental work.

He had been born of poor Italian parents, didn't even have a grammar school education, and yet at the age of twenty-three he had been a pretty well educated man. But his life had been so narrow and poor that on the first day at sea he was reluctant to enter the dining-room. He said he was uncomfortable in such a fine atmosphere. He was self-conscious and could scarcely eat. He finally left the dining-room without finishing his meal.

COMMUNIST TO HIS A TASTE OF LUXURY

spy unfolded the workings of Communists; Louis transformed into a lover of luxury and ease by international spy, who, posing as a trusted big financial interests working against the Soviet.

Sent to Europe He Falls Under Suspicion of Rothstein While Trying to Educate Fraina Along New Lines

love champagne! That night practically ended him as a Communist. He decided to get a Tuxedo right away so he could be like other people.

We slept until afternoon. We were to meet some London Communist leaders by appointment.

I smiled as I observed Fraina. He was thinking only of London and more good times.

Mind on Good Times

As soon as we got out I took him to a Regent street tailor and he was measured for his Tuxedo. The tailor promised to turn it out in two days for the "hurry-up American."

Then we went to see our Communist friends. Fraina wasn't much interested in them. He was so indifferent to their talk that I tried to rouse him. But his mind was on the night clubs and his fashionable suit. He had only been allowed \$350 for his entire trip. Our cabin alone had cost me \$680, and I was spending Scotland Yard money on him during all this entertaining.

Fraina began to wish we had a place to entertain the new friends we were making, so I moved into a very swaggy three-room apartment, near Piccadilly Circus, where it cost me \$35 a day. That was doing pretty well for a couple of Communists. I thought.

The poor tailor was surely crowded for action by Fraina. He was like a school boy waiting for new toys. I will never forget his first Tuxedo evening. He felt very uncomfortable and several times wanted to take it off, but still he wanted to keep it on. And keep it on he did. We started at Danc's Night Club. He had never danced, but after a few minutes he was dancing.

moments, but decided to go through with the matter.

We dined and saw a play and I let her do the talking to see where she would try to lead, and, within fifteen minutes, I knew that she was trying to pump information out of me and my suspicions were confirmed.

The next day I saw her again and decided to bring things to a head. I asked her just what she was driving at, who was back of her and how she could afford such fine clothes. She shut right up and I couldn't get a word out of her. She pretended to be offended and said that if I took things that way she was insulted and would have nothing further to do with me. We thus parted.

The incident worried me. I was sure Rothstein was up to some deviltry and that Fraina had best be very careful. I had him lay aside all his good clothes on the day before we were to cross the channel and visit Rothstein. Prior to this Fraina and I had paid one visit to Rothstein. This time I let him go alone. I thought Rothstein might tell him something he wouldn't say in my presence and I could worm it out of Fraina.

Rothstein Mistrusted

I put in the time with Colonel Carter, who told me Scotland Yard was depending on me for a thorough report on the international meeting. He said:

"You are going on a dangerous mission. Be careful. You may be suspected. You will be under the protection of Scotland Yard while you are on the continent. I can give you nothing for your protection except a telephone number so that if you are in trouble you can call there and get help. He gave me a telephone number in the Hague, in the Secretary Shop in London."



to London and put up at the Imperial Hotel. He was beginning to accept things as he found them. He wasn't even discussing Communism now. Only once did he revert to it. After we got to the hotel in Russel Square, he thought it was too fine a place for us. Not because he felt it too fine for him, but because he feared the British Communists might criticize us. However, I reassured him.

Promptly we went to see Sylvia Pankhurst. During this talk he was very phlegmatic. There was none of the fire of a Communist in him. Later we went to luncheon, and instead of taking him to a good restaurant I took him to an English type of "beanery." I smiled when I saw his face. He didn't like it at all. He had been living too well.

Desires Luxuries

Keep in mind that we were on our way to one of the most important international Communist meetings. There might be many persons there but I could not get

1. Immigration officers on the ship and I was surprised to find Colonel Carter there. He planned it so I questioned Fraina himself. I could understand why he was unless that it was that he was often suspicious of me bringing an internationally-known Communist with me and that I had a chance to see him without detectives to watch us. Scotland Yard never trusts me too much. I tried to get a word with Carter secretly, but Fraina saw me go to him and then I had to stop explaining and introducing Carter under a false name. He was amused at the situation. Fraina and I made our way

to the Communist camp. And that is why I was not breaking down his Communist morale.

We had learned that the third international meeting would not take place for two weeks and that instead of Moscow it would be in Amsterdam, Holland.

That night I took Fraina to one of the best restaurants in London, then to a show and still later to one of the night clubs of London. It was an evening such as would be natural for any one of the so-called prosperous capitalist class. But Fraina, not being used to it, went to extremes. He was nothing if not extreme in everything.

We did not reach our hotel until 5 o'clock in the morning. I spent more than \$400 that night entertaining him. How he did

London to master the art.

Happy in Night Life

How strange that night seemed. There was Fraina, a man on whom the communism of the world was depending as one of its international leaders. Just a poor weak human after all. Wine, women and song had won. And there was I, Communist pretender—United States Secret Service man—Scotland Yard spy. And the revolutionaries of a nation were dependent upon us at that moment while Fraina bounded around ungracefully in his new tuxedo—the sign of the fallen angel.

This sort of thing kept up for about five days more. Fraina couldn't get enough. The new life went so much to his head that I began to try to restrain him. I was afraid the Communists would have nothing to do with him.

He reached the point where he objected to my carrying the bankroll all the time and said he was embarrassed because he had no money. I had to let him have some bank notes so he could display them occasionally, and pay some of the smaller checks.

We then had to mix up with the Communists again. An incident happened that warned me that Rothstein, the head of the British Communists, suspected me and was having me watched. Perhaps Fraina and I had been seen too well dressed up and stepping about. At the Communist Club, a handsome young woman deliberately placed herself in my way and, after talking Communism for a while, asked me if I would not like to take her to dinner and the theater.

Becomes Suspicious

I was surprised because Communist women are usually sincere and do not do that sort of thing. But I was not suspicious. I understood she had some small position on a London newspaper.

When she met me next day she was dressed up wonderfully. She didn't look at all like a Communist.

I noted that everything she wore was brand-new. The shoes, dress, hat and cape had just come from the shops and they cost substantial sums. While I was praising these things it suddenly occurred to me that she was a spy. I was amazed for a few

sensed that something unusual had happened. He was struggling hard to be a Communist again. But I depended on his broken morale and demanded an explanation. He said:

"Rothstein gave me a letter to deliver to Rutgers, the international leader, who is to be a big figure at Amsterdam. Rothstein also told me not to let you know I had the letter."

There it was, just as I had suspected. I pretended to fly into a rage. In his defense Fraina said he had at first refused to conceal the letter from me, but that Rothstein had insisted.

I demanded the letter, telling Fraina that I was responsible to the Communist party of America for his safe return and that he might be caught with a dangerous letter in his possession, with the result that I would get in a lot of trouble. I told him Rothstein had no right to expect him to carry a letter which might end our mission disastrously and that I would have to know what was in the letter or I would not go another step.

Secret Letter Opened

We argued nearly two hours. The final argument was that we should open the letter, and, if it was not likely to get us in trouble, we could deliver it to Rutgers and explain why we had opened it, and if it was the sort of letter that might be of great danger to us, he could return it to Rothstein and refuse to carry it. Fraina agreed.

I suggested that we open it in the presence of Sylvia Pankhurst. We took a taxicab to her home. She and Rothstein were at odds at the time.

The letter was opened by Miss Pankhurst, and, as she started reading it, her face was a study. The letter was full of charges against her. Rothstein was asking Rutgers to see that she was not allowed to sit at the conference.

It was this letter which caused Miss Pankhurst to make later on the terrible journey to Moscow of which I have told. The next morning we took the Channel boat on our way to Holland.

In my next chapter I will tell you the thrilling story of our adventures at the Third International meeting and of how knowledge of the Hague telephone number which had been given to me by Colonel Carter probably saved me from deportation to Russia.)

(Copyright 1935, by A. T. American Press)

'S OWN STORY Y-THIRD DIVISION

which was to co-ordinate actions of the troops at concentration camps and in the field. It was certainly no easy task, but it is readily seen that the armed bureaus at Washington not prepared for the great confronting them, and, in- of co-operating among themselves, they were simply swamped by their feet, with the result that every one turned among the war, one felt the incredible inefficiency of our highest headquarters.

So and chaos—that is what confronted those who knew the basis of the disease and who needed that a great physician needed to cure the national malady.

A few hours after my return from Logan from France I led all brigade, regimental battalion commanders to headquarters, and had a heart-to-heart with them.

Officers Resigned

After explaining the results of observations overseas, I told them that we were confronted by a serious problem in the proper training of the division, as the type of officers to handle men in action is of utmost importance. Officers in camp should and should be given a reasonable time to qualify, professionally and physically. Failure to qualify would tantamount to resignation or inaction.

At the talk bore fruit, can be seen from the fact that quite a number of officers resigned immediately shortly after, while a larger group was eliminated from the diverse efficiency boards. Finally all of which were composed of officers of the Illinois

National Guard. These boards were given a free hand to carry out their disagreeable duties in accordance with their obligation toward the enlisted men and the nation.

It may seem astonishing that nearly three hundred officers were returned home, and the figure certainly is surprising, but the fault rests largely with the system of election of officers of the National Guard which had prevailed at one time.

Political influence with high State officers and social prestige counted more in the selection of certain officers than efficiency had fitness for military command, and even far-sighted governors could not possibly change a system which, by its very character, is restricted in selective machinery.

It goes without saying that the National Guard could boast of a number of line and staff officers who were not only natural born soldiers in the fullest sense of the word, but who made good use of every possible opportunity to prepare themselves for leadership in a serious campaign. It was fortunate for the Thirty-third Division that it possessed a number of such officers, and, indeed, their services proved invaluable.

Shortly before we started East, preparatory to embarkation for duty overseas, we held a divisional review to demonstrate what a division fully equipped for war and massed on a huge field looks like.

As column after column passed the reviewing point in a long procession, I felt that a new patriotism was ready to undergo the supreme test.

(Next Sunday—The arrival of the Thirty-third Division in France and what they did there.)

in the country, whom Communists considered as their strongest antagonist. I could see at a glance that his personal life is as simple as the most confirmed Communist could possibly hope for.

He was in a small iron bedstead and the floor was bare except for one tiny rug. The curtains were simple. The room conveyed no suggestion of wealth and had not one tone of luxury. There were a small dresser, a little table and a couple of plain chairs.

Judge Gary naturally had elaborate rooms in his house, but this is where he received me and it seemed to reflect his spirit—the spirit that makes for big things. I could not help thinking how surprised any Communist group would be to come there and see the great Judge Gary as I saw him. He impressed me at once as a smart man and direct.

Mr. Vander Poel introduced me as the one who had been working for Mr. Marsh and Judge Gary immediately asked me to tell him what I knew of the Communists.

I launched into a general history of the labor movement in this country and gave a sketch of economic conditions resulting in the Communist campaign. Judge Gary let me talk for more than an hour without an interruption. He eyed me closely as I went on.

I don't know what may have been told to Judge Gary about the Communist movement, but from his questions I could see that he had been given a great deal of misinformation. For instance, he asked me if it were true that the Communists were storing arms in this country against the day of a revolution.

I told him this was not so in so far as any general plan was concerned. He asked me if it were true that bombs were being manufactured and stored. I ridiculed that idea and said that such information must have been supplied by men who were trying to justify their salaries as investigators.

He smiled as he listened to me. My replies seemed to justify his opinions regardless of what he had been told.

Sent to Europe

What I told him was reassuring in so far as any thought of immediate violence was concerned. After about two hours the interview ended. He told Mr. Vanderpoel he would hear from him later.

Two days afterwards I was in Mr. Vanderpoel's office when he telephoned to George F. Baker with the result that Mr. Baker

the nearly explosive. This was too much for him. He scolded me for it. It was not true Communism. And when I ordered wine with the dinner he was ready to fight. This sort of life was "over his head."

After the Wall Street bomb tragedy investigation, for which I was paid \$37,500 as separate employment, Mr. Marsh told me there was no more money in sight. He said the important people did not feel it was necessary to maintain such an organization as he had planned, and that he was through with it. That ended at the start, so far as I know, the great anti-Communist organization.

But now to get back to the transformation of Louis Fraina, ardent Communist.

You will recall in an earlier chapter how Fraina was tried and acquitted on the charge of double-crossing the Communists in New York. Well, we were due to sail the next morning after the secret trial on the steamer Lapland, so there was a special meeting held at my home late that night.

In addition to Fraina, his wife and myself, there were presnet Bittleman and Lovestone, two leading members of the party, and Rose Pastor Stokes, who was also very important, and Sen Katayama, an elderly Japanese Socialist.

Abroad With Fraina

The result of the meeting, which lasted for hours, was that Fraina should proceed to the Third International without waiting for the final determination of all the members of the trial court.

Then I sat up the rest of the night and wrote for the United States Department of Justice my full report of all that had happened and went out and mailed it to Mr. Marsh and to Mr. Hoover, of the Department of Justice. Then I cabled to Colonel Carter, of Scotland Yard, that I would soon arrive on the Lapland with Fraina.

At 10 in the morning we were aboard the Lapland. Fraina used the fake passport which I had got with the consent of the Government and I used my regular passport.

Fraina had a severe case of the shivers while our passports were being examined, because naturally he could not realize that the Government had agreed with me secretly to let him think he was escaping.

I began to feel that Fraina could probably be made very useful because he resented the way he had been accused and

he nearly exploded. This was too much for him. He scolded me for it. It was not true Communism. And when I ordered wine with the dinner he was ready to fight. This sort of life was "over his head."

I was amused because I began to feel sure that if I got him used to the luxurious mode he would be amenable. On the third day he began to see that the comfortable habits of everyday people were not so bad. He got accustomed to "capitalist" atmosphere. He even regretted that, since everybody else was wearing a tuxedo, he didn't have one, so he wouldn't be so conspicuous. Also he was induced to drink some wine.

On the fourth day Fraina had progressed along the path of capitalism so much that he got drunk.

MAJOR GENERAL OF THE

(Continued from First Page. This Section)

der over. Captains, colonels and generals in the field have command, but the material equipment and the authority come from the War Department, whose decisions are usually final. When one looks back at the vacillating policies which were announced one day and rescinded the next day; when it is recalled that we were supposed to be dealing with specially trained staff officers, who could not often enough impress upon mere line officers their professional superiority, because they had passed a course in German text-book tactics, or had led imaginary armies on the sand hills in the vicinity of Leavenworth, Kans., or had looked at a few topographic maps and had written out an order to cause detachments of an imaginary army to make a reconnaissance according to Hoyle, one wishes that these officers had been given less theory and a little more ordinary American horse sense.

Washington to Blame

I do not desire to be misunderstood as decrying the value of theoretic training—I purposely gave my career in the first chapter to show that I have been identified with West Point and a good American university, so that I, too, had my share of abstract theories to digest, but I also learned that an army cannot be run on theories, and that in a material world in which the elements of conflict are let loose to destroy and mutilate human beings wholesale, material means for defense are essential and their production was, is and always will be the concrete tool of military science.

Later, when he sobered up, he accused me of leading and I said that what among the Romans we well do as the Romans him that it wasn't wear the wrong clot good Communist.

Next day Fraina had up his mind to have made when we landed were changing quickly take very little to believe that Communism undesirable.

Fraina Loses I

As we approached shore, Fraina became was afraid of being

All that medical offer was utilized to morbidity and mortal Camp Logan. A few proved incompetent, and they, like the of the line, were ask or face an efficiency the worst obstacle overcome was not in but again at West spite of numerous te base hospital had nining water nor faciliting the wards, oper and quarters for the

Evidently some the at Camp Logan on Texas and exclaimed, camp is so far south an almost subtropic they do not need any let it go at that.

Oh, for the protes grams that flew hither until at last, long at weather had caused us self help by improvising was provided from of the United States.

I shall close this section with only one ment. What will y organization responsi movement of troops following occurs. A tion is ordered to p a Southern camp While part of this is on the train hundr from its concentrati detachment is travel report to that very u—under orders by th thority that moved Incredible, say you? actually happened in Department at about allies were eagerly help from America.

It required the general Peyton March to into that part of the

World Topics
Eminent Writers

MARCH 5
The Mass

Telephone, Main 5260

—An American Paper for the American People—SUNDAY, NOV

THE MIRACLE OF RUSSIA IS

Spy Warwick Castle Guest

MARSH SECURES HELP IN PLAN TO ORGANIZE HIS WORLD BUSINESS

Reveals for First Time Story of How Sylvia Pankhurst Faced Death to Reach Moscow, Only to Be Coldly Received By Lenin Because of the Report Unfavorable to Her.

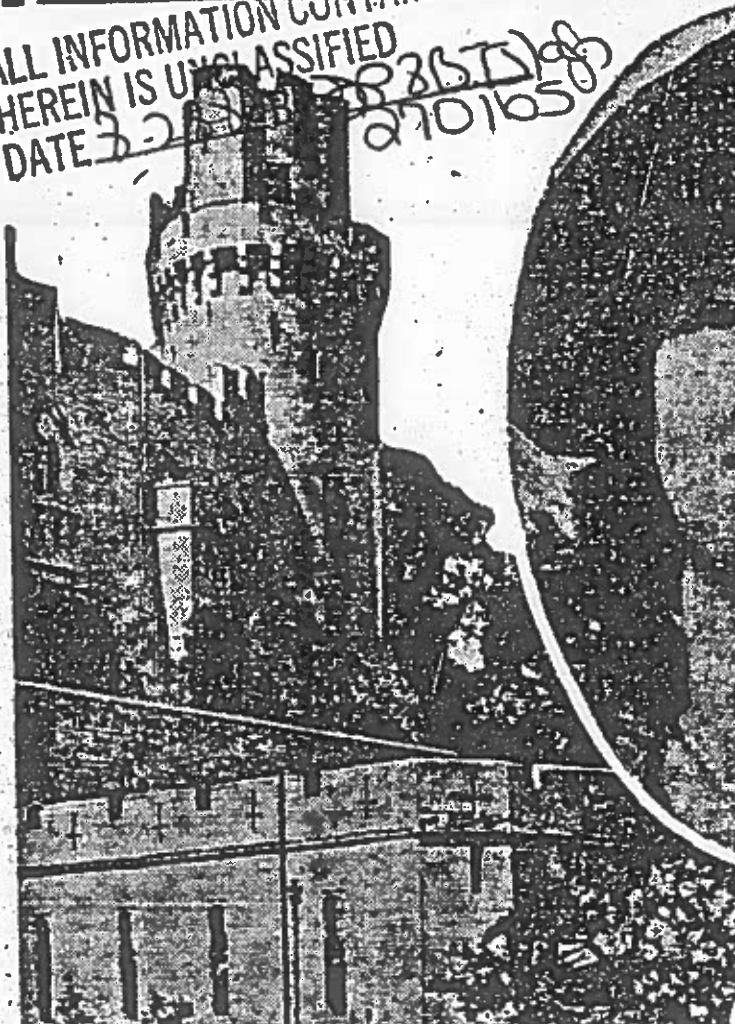
THE international spy reveals today the interesting details of his story as the guest of Henry W. Marsh, the international capitalist, at Warwick Castle, near London, which Mr. Marsh had under lease. The spy was still posing as the courier of the Communists between United States and Europe, while actually the secret agent for Scotland Yard.

On one of his trips to England he spent a week at Warwick Castle, where he was approached by Mr. Marsh for his aid in forming an organization among business interests of Europe and America to keep watch on Communist activities.

The spy also tells a dramatic story of how Sylvia Pankhurst almost sacrificed her life to get to the Soviet headquarters at Moscow and how she was coldly received because of a report that preceded her that she would not accept the domination of party leaders in England.

MRS. HENRY W. MARSH, wife of the New York Castle in England, under lease by Mr. Marsh, who is an international spy, visited him there and heard his plans to combine business interests to combat the Soviet.

ALL INFORMATION CONTAINED
HEREIN IS UNCLASSIFIED
DATE 3-2-83 BY 2851/88
270165



EVENTS

Herald

Noted Women
on
Modern Problems

1925 —An American Paper for the American People—

Telephone, Main 5260

BROUGHT IN FOUR YEARS

ledges Aid to Fight Soviet

and Warwick
tsky, the interna-
d organization of

COL. HASKELL REVISITS COUNTRY

HE USED \$70,000,000 TO RELIEVE

Famine Stricken Nation Has Become Place of Plenty, and Misery Has Turned Into Happiness Under New Order of Things Run by Soviet. Knout and Cruel Landlord Have Faded Into the Past.

THE following graphic picture of Russia today in contrast to the Russia of four years ago is by the man who was in charge of the distribution of the \$70,000,000 American relief fund. It is the first of a series of articles by Colonel Haskell, who will take up the present day Russia in detail. He has revisited the country for the Hearst newspapers to report the social, political, and financial conditions of the nation under the Soviet.

By **COLONEL WILLIAM N. HASKELL, U. S. A.**
Director of American Relief in Russian in 1922-23

MOSCOW, Sept. 1925.

GAUNT famine and ghastly pestilence, the most fearsome of the four horsemen, held nearly all Russia in a terrible grip when I first went there in 1921 with the American Relief Administration.

I doubt that the world has ever fully realized the horror of that situation. I have just made another visit to Russia. The contrast of the present with the grim picture that was presented to me a little over four years ago makes the recollection seem like a bad dream.

Millions of men and women were literally starving to death when Herbert Hoover's highly philanthropic impulse moved humanity to the relief of poor Russia. They roamed the country, ragged, sick, hollow-eyed, desperate. And they

Feb 23
Warwick Castle

Star Doctor.

In your telegram
you said you w
be back this week.
Is Sam Underly &
time to say I saw
you in London.

by working as their confidential courier brought me strangely to Warwick Castle. The chapter furnished me with a closer insight into the workings of capitalism to combat Communism. It came about in this way:

Mr. Henry W. Marsh, New York capitalist, who has figured so much in my affairs because his millions enabled him to direct many of my activities, invited me to go abroad as his personal physician. I accepted.

Listed As Doctor

We sailed on the Rotterdam, and I was amazed to find that, although I was listed as Doctor Nosovitsky on the purser's private list, my name did not appear on the printed passenger list. There we were listed as Mr. Henry W. Marsh and physician. A brief estrangement resulted. Mr. Marsh and I dined at the captain's table, and before we arrived in England we were good friends again.

Mr. Marsh went to the Ritz Hotel in London, where Mrs. Marsh was awaiting him. She had come in from Warwick Castle to meet him. I had wired two days before for accommodations at the Savoy, and made that hotel my headquarters.

I intended to keep in close touch with Communism, so that evening I hunted up my old friend, Sylvia Pankhurst, and arranged to have dinner with her.

It was a most interesting dinner because she had just returned from Russia and had much to tell me.

Every Communist regards Moscow as the "Bolshevik Paradise," just as the Moslems regard Mecca as the ultimate thing on earth. So she had risked everything to get there. She apparently had had a very hard time on the trip and traces of her suffering still were on her face.

Mrs. Pankhurst's Ordeal

Since it was not possible for her to leave England legally and pass through three or four countries on her way to Russia, Miss Pankhurst had simply set all law aside. The story she told me this evening has never before been revealed to the public by her even in her book.

She said that, with the help of other Communists, she managed to hide herself in the coal bunkers of a small freight ship bound for Norway. Deep lines came into her face as she recalled her ordeal. She started without extra clothing or food. A secret arrangement with a Communist sailor on the

steamer had been made and he was to supply her with food. However, this plan went wrong and he got practically no opportunity to feed her. Once of twice he managed to get a few snacks to her but a close watch was being kept on him. If he was caught it would mean her return under arrest and the consequence to him would be serious. So she told him to keep away; she would prefer to take her chances on starvation.

She was but lightly clad, and as they began to approach the chill Norway coast she suffered agonies from the cold. Long before she reached Norway she was pretty well starved and weak and ill, but the Communist Land of Promise was before her and nothing could daunt her.

After the ship docked, in the dead of night, she went down the ropes and got ashore. Then, by railroad, she reached a small seaport town on the White Coast, where, by arrangements made in advance, she met several other Communist pilgrims who had gathered from different parts of the world on their way to Moscow.

On Dangerous Trip

The Norwegian coast was under strong surveillance and the nearest Russian territory was the Murmansk coast, a long way off. It was a mighty dangerous trip, it was explained to the little party of Communists, and the only way they could hope to make it would be in a small fishing boat, on which they would have to keep in hiding.

A local Communist had been helping them, and he found an old fisherman who was willing to take the risk of the voyage, but at a terribly high price. And he would not guarantee to land them. They had to pay in advance, and the best he would promise was that he would attempt to land them at Murmansk.

"If I had known what I would have to go through on that little boat I would have given up the idea right then and there," she said with a shudder.

Half way between Norway and Russia a fearful storm blew up. The waves dashed high and the little boat bobbed about like a spinning top.

They were all battered about so much that there was danger of going overboard any moment. Miss

HENRY W. MARSH, international capitalist.

Pankhurst and two men Communists were soon prostrated. Then the boat began to ship water. The fisherman pilot got out a big hand pump, but it was found to be out of order. It was patched up crudely and, under the fisherman's orders, the Communists were put to work at the pump and only the driving orders of the old man kept them at work.

Set Gets to Moscow

Ordinarily the voyage would take eighteen hours, but in the storm they were at sea two full days, and for sixteen solid hours they were in the very middle of this frightful storm. On the second day the sea calmed and the boat finally reached the Murmansk coast.

The boat had been observed, and when they landed they were met by the commander of a local Red army post. After examining their credentials very carefully and learning who Miss Pankhurst was, he arranged for their transportation to Moscow.

There, she told me, her recap-

FACSIMILE of Her Nosovitsky, int Warwick Castl

tion was a very cold or port against her had pre to Moscow. British C had reported that while a sincere fighter, she



Warwick Castle
Dear Mr. Marsh
a lovely...
a point...
for the...
who is...
Mona...
I have...
what I...
each day...
on some...
moving...
and...
she...
is...
only 2...
an...
June...
a day...
right...
what...
My...
hills...
up...
that...
Lily...
Paddy

Hotel for 3 people
 7 days (Tuesday &
 Wednesday)
 hope you are keep
 my bell & that I
 may see you soon
 in Moscow

recusite or a letter from
 Mrs. Marsh to the spy,
 making an appointment
 with him in London to
 discuss in her husband's
 interests during his ab-
 sence, plans for the pro-
 posed bureau to fight
 Communism.



JACOB NOSOVITSKY,
 the spy.

account to them for moneys col-
 lected.

But there was another and deep-
 er reason. Miss Pankhurst and
 the great Lenin had differed on
 the question of trying to elect
 Communists to the parliamentary
 bodies of their nations and gov-
 ernments so that from official
 position they could talk Commun-
 ism to their own people. Lenin
 was for it, but Miss Pankhurst
 had ridiculed it in her paper.
 Also she had talked against it.
 She maintained that as soon as
 a Communist got into a govern-
 ment position he would cease to
 be for the proletariat and would
 become pro-government in almost
 every instance.

As a result of all this contention
 (Continued on Page 12.)

Today there is food for everybody in Russia. In fact, I believe there is more food here than in this country, and the prices are much lower. The population that was standing in line waiting for bread in 1921 and 1922, is now well fed. The destitution and suffering of those black years is now only a bitter memory.

Food Aplenty Follows Famine

In the wake of the great war and the political chaos into which the land of the old czars had been plunged, and which sapped the production of the country, came drought. There were no crops. Then followed misery such as no civilized peoples on the face of the earth have had to endure.

Women threw their babies into the rivers rather than see them starve in their arms. Whole villages were abandoned by the inhabitants who went wandering weakly here and there, and everywhere, hoping somehow, to find just enough food to keep soul and body together.

They devoured acorns, the bark of trees, roots and herbs. They lived in the manner of wild animals, but without the resource and ingenuity of wild animals. They lay down beside the roads, in mud and ice, and groveled there until the breath of life mercifully quit their poor emaciated frames.

When I entered Russia four year ago no stores were open in the towns because they had nothing to sell, and no one had any money to buy with. Those were the last days of pure communism in Russia—of the retical communism. You got 60,000 paper rubles for one dollar, but there was nothing behind the ruble. It went to 250,000,000 rubles to the dollar before my work with the American relief administration stopped, and finally, I understand, to a billion to the dollar. They were issuing 10,000,000-ruble notes in those days.

Ruble on Parity With Dollar

Today the Russian ruble is quoted at 51 cents and is on a parity with the English pound and the American dollar. Moreover, it has been there over two years and is backed by a gold reserve. All the old money has been wiped out and there is plenty of silver and copper money around. The stores and markets, except for a few articles, are plentifully supplied with goods.

About the time I first entered Russia four years ago no one received any wages and no taxes were levied. The banks were closed. The population was rationed and housed by the government, but it was against the law to barter and exchange. There was no traffic in the streets of the cities, and little effort was made toward municipal cleanliness and sanitation. There were no policemen, only soldiers, on the corners. The street cars were running, but no one paid fare. The drosky drivers had taken their horses to the country. Everybody was in rage.

Today the Russians are sufficiently, if not fashionably clothed. The streets of Moscow and other cities hum with traffic. The droskys have reappeared, and even taxicabs are in operation. The average wage paid the workingman is now about \$35 per month, and with it the government gives him a lot of perquisites of one kind and another.

Workingman Now Comes First

The workingman is no longer hungry or oppressed. The Soviet government, which is really a dictatorship, with the Communist party telling it what to do, defers to him at all times and in all things. His is the preferred class. He can

(Continued on Page 11.)

in from
 my and
 a visit
 of the
 area by
 a few
 and
 some
 to the
 under
 garden
 the
 single
 line
 in him
 her to
 right
 and it
 a pack

sh
 sh
 sh
 sh

is letter to "Doctor"
 visit the capitalist at

the domination of party
 and would not turn over
 of her newspaper the
 Dreadnaught. They had
 charged that she would not

SPY TRAPS SOVIET COUR

Trails Girl to Hiding Place of Y

THE international spy, after his adroit work at the Communist Third International Congress in Amsterdam, Holland, hastened to London to report what he had learned to Scotland Yard. When he submitted a copy of the full typewritten minutes of the secret meeting to Colonel Carter, chief assistant there to Sir Basil Thompson, he was congratulated for his unexampled service and was given \$2,200. This was in addition to his regular pay.

By JACOB NOSOVITSKY
The International Spy.

WHEN I successfully carried through the matter of the Third International I was tired and nervous. Colonel Carter, at Scotland Yard, agreed with me that it would be well to take a rest and recuperate. I planned to return to the United States, and after a visit with Sylvia Pankhurst, who also had just returned from the Amsterdam meeting, I engaged passage on the Berengaria. But Scotland Yard suddenly found other and imminent work for me. The day before I was to sail I got a hurry-up message from Colonel Carter and hastened to Scotland Yard.

"I am sorry," he said, "to interfere with your trip, but here is something we want you to go after right away.

Spy Trailing Spy

"We received word several days ago that a secret Communist courier had left Moscow and gone through Finland into Paris. The Paris chief of police had the man under surveillance and was able to telegraph me a complete description of him, with the information that he was coming to London on an important mission to the British Communist heads. We had every boat and train watched and should have caught him from his description, but if he is here he has eluded us. It is most important to know if he is here and what he came for."

This sounded like a very simple order, didn't it? These Scotland Yard heads can ask for so much in so few words! I hadn't a thing to work on. I pointed out that I was in a delicate position with Rothstein, head of the British Communists, and also with Willis, of the executive committee of the English Communist party, and that these were the two persons

to whom such a courier would report.

Colonel Carter smiled reassuringly and said he was sure I would get what I went after. Here was a task that was going to tax my ingenuity. A man left Moscow. He might be in England and might not. Utmost secrecy would be thrown about such an important courier. Scotland Yard was watching Rothstein and Willis to see if they were in touch with any such person. But, of course, they would not be.

There would be some very simple method of communication. It would be so obvious that it would be almost sure to defy detection.

Baiting the Trap

I decided upon another visit to Sylvia Pankhurst. She might know something. Although she had her fights with Rothstein as to method she was really trusted in a general sense as a real Communist at heart. I could not ask any direct questions about a courier or she would be on her guard. I must have a plan. And finally I got it out of the very air.

I got a Miss Smythe, a life long

Hurry Up Message From Abandoned Vacation Hunting Man With Seve

where she promised her comrades would follow Moscow. This would all. In desperation, I "I heard it from com there was a somard from Moscow. I don't that is so or not, but if you arrange to have rade take my document view"

She said that she I nothing of the courier, she would inquire.

She said she would Rothstein, but that a ask a young girl at the the Communist party. this girl would concea from her.

Next day I hastened Miss Pankhurst. She wa That could only mean o good news! She said th courier from Moscow, bu not been able to learn where he was. She expl she had not talked to I but had gone to the s tary, who had been a I several years.

This girl told her she v the severest kind of pled reveal the identity or wh of the courier, who w kept absolutely under c also said the courier ha England eight days. Yard had surely been this instance.

However, this much in got me nowhere. It wou enable me to report that lar was here. But how him! That would be the Miss Pankhurst seeme

An Unwitting Aide

I went on to say to Zinoviev that Frajna had started with his copy for Moscow but that of course he might never get there and that, since the Communist party of America used me as a courier and had been so explicit about wanting Moscow to know its aide of the Ambassador Marten's row in New York, I was making an effort to get it through. When I had finished dictating this communication I was quite satisfied that if it fell into the hands of even Rothstein it could do me no harm. I made of myself an unjustly suspected man, in the letter.

Then I went to Miss Pankhurst. I showed her the letter, told her how anxious I was to get it to Zinoviev and asked her advice as to how to send it. This was to see if she knew anything of a courier being in England.

I was disappointed when she offered to mail it to Stockholm,

Courier Is Trac

However, this much in got me nowhere. It wou enable me to report that lar was here. But how him! That would be the Miss Pankhurst seeme

ALL INFORMATION CONTAINED
HEREIN IS UNCLASSIFIED
DATE 2-25-81 BY 3731

THROUGH LOVE ROMANCE

Who Carried Government Secrets

Scotland Yard Resulted in Hard Work Cut Out in Included Detectives the Cities

anything more about it and did not press her. I did not ask her outright what she had done with my letter for exciting her suspicion, so she said I supposed that I had chances of getting the truth from Zinoviev. The next day she took me off my feet. She said:

"The young lady told me that she could not give even the information about the courier. She was authorized to relay messages to him and to see him from time to time."

"I had worked! My fake Zinoviev would be the key to uncovering the courier. At a few guarded questions about the girl to make it I had the right one. I hurried away and met with Colonel Carter. He outlined the situation and suggested that the girl shadowed every day and night. I was to tell him who she was. I had some records on suggestions were immediately followed and I was told an excellent "shadow" experience put on her trail. For three or four days nothing happened and then events began to develop. The shadows trailed the secretary to a little flat with a name somewhat like Wanderer, where she went to a little bungalow which was sometimes used by her. After about a half-hour she left there and went to a bungalow about a half-hour and remained there. She left she went right

back to London, but one of the men remained behind to make inquiries. He learned that the bungalow had been rented ten days before for a young man and that two months' rent had been paid in advance. The next day they trailed the young man to London.

Scotland Yard Fooled

Colonel Carter sent for me and seemed impatient. He thought I had given him a wrong lead. He showed me the reports and said there must be something wrong, because this was just a youth.

"Colonel Carter, that young man must be the courier," I said. He would not believe me.

Colonel Carter said that this boy was only about twenty-five and that they had dug up his record for the past seven years. The reports showed that he had been educated in England, was born in Whitechapel and had never left England.

Nevertheless, I knew I must be right. This was the only person the little girl secretary was visiting surreptitiously. He must be the right person. And knowing Communist ways, I felt sure that the person selected would be somebody least likely to be suspected.

Of course, Colonel Carter, having gotten word that the courier had started from Moscow, probably had in mind looking for some person of Russian type.

The situation became quite heated and finally I asked Colonel Carter to produce the description that had been sent by the Paris chief of police, and when we made the comparison we found that the only variation was in the color

of the eyes. Colonel Carter had been so engrossed with the chase that he had quite forgotten this description.

Young Courier Seized

I begged Colonel Carter to make the arrest, and finally he agreed. He had just received word that the two had met in an East End lodging house. He instructed the men to wait until the girl left and then seize the young man and bring him in.

At about 11 o'clock that night the girl departed, and before the men could go in the young man came out and they arrested him. He was taken to Scotland Yard and given the third degree. When he was searched, to the surprise of everybody, one of the first things found on him was my report to Zinoviev.

He also had a report from Rothstein to Moscow. Also they found on him papers from the Communist party of Great Britain to Moscow.

I was not at the Yard when he was brought in. I had to keep in the background. I did not know the arrest actually had been made until the next morning, when I picked up the London newspapers and found great scare heads in them. And to my surprise I found all of my communications to Zinoviev openly published. One big end of the news stories was that they had found communications from Jacob Nosovitsky, an American Communist of prominence.

The stories went on to say that Scotland Yard was also looking for Nosovitsky because in his letter to Zinoviev he had betrayed the fact that he was a courier also. According to those stories, I was being hunted from one end of England to another.

My head was in a whirl. What was this? Was I being tricked in some way, and was Scotland Yard, after using me, to give me the worst of it?

I rushed to the telephone and

got Colonel Carter. Of course I was highly elated, but didn't want to crow too much. He said he was very happy and that he congratulated me on figuring out such a hard case. I asked him why the newspapers had carried the stories about me, unless to save my face with the Communists. Colonel Carter laughed and said that was exactly what he had figured.

Courier and Dupe in Love

By this time the youth had been forced to admit he had been in Moscow. He said he had gone without any passports about six months before, but they could get nothing out of him about what he had brought from Moscow.

At my suggestion he was informed that he had been trailed through the girl and later the girl, learning of his arrest, went to Scotland Yard, where the courier told her that she had been used to trap him.

I saw her at Sylvia Pankhurst's house later that same day. She said she had fallen in love with the courier and that if he was forced to leave England she would go with him.

The boy was then told that Scotland Yard would go after him in every possible way if he remained in England. He was then allowed to go, properly escorted, to the Russian border. The girl followed. It was her way of proving that she had not deliberately betrayed him to the police.

A few days later I called for New York.

In my next chapter I will tell of my reports to the New York Communists and of how I finally became suspected even by Sylvia Pankhurst; also how I had to prove the source of my income so I could rehabilitate myself for such work as the Wall Street bomb case, which was soon to come my way.

(Copyright, 1925, by New York American, Inc.)

"You always had one or two college men among the sailors," H. H. Winburg now spoke, "and this ship is no exception. I'm from Cornell, from the engineering school. I'm a mechanical engineer. And my chum, Roy Russell, is from the University of Washington, in Seattle. He's in the night gang, a night watchman."

"We're not really sailors, many of us," another volunteered.

"Not seamen, able seamen?"

"Oh, yes, we're signed up as ordinary seamen, able seamen, engineers or quartermasters, but few of us have followed the sea. One man here has been promoted from ordinary seaman to quartermaster in one trip."

Hit by Typhoon

"How many were in the service during the war? You're all too young?" asked Flambeau.

"I was in the service," Mr. Winburg answered. "I was in Siberia with the American troops."

"I started when I was fourteen," a man named Foster now spoke. "I went to sea with father. He was captain of a

Famous Seas

"I've got some of the boat," they said. And then they brought out their treasures, a horde of glossy prints from every port they'd touched, with pretty Jap girls, Filipinos, rickshas and scenery. They were so generous that Flambeau felt like a robber, but he promised to return every picture and send them the paper, too. They were very keen on Mr. Hearst's newspapers.

"You'll excuse me, boys, won't you, if I make a few mistakes in nautical language?" Flambeau apologized. "Because this is actually the first time I've talked with sailors, though I've crossed the sea a dozen times, but always before on foreign ships, where the seamen don't speak English, but French, or Dutch, or Italian, or Danish, or some other lingo. It's a real pleasure to meet you all. And now tell me some more stories, please."

"The McKinley last time," Mr. Lamon spoke again, "left Seattle the 10th of July for Yokohama, and two days outside Yokohama she struck a typhoon. She lost eighteen Chinese seamen over-

General view of the Bund at Shanghai (at top). Chinese juggling girls who entertained the passengers before setting sail for the United States (lower left).

board and all the stay-backs on the hatches were carried away."

"How were the passengers?"

"All seasick, every last one of them in bed!" with a gleam of joy. "The sea came aboard, a twenty-five-ton sea, and carried away"—here Flambeau lost a word—"the sea was ninety feet in height. We were making only two knots an hour. The typhoon delayed us fourteen hours getting into port."

"We could tell you a story all right about the Chinese tong wars aboard," another began. "And about our own discipline, too. We get in the 'brig' sometimes—court-martial."

"I stopped seven months in Shanghai," confided Frank Leroy. "Just wanted to see the East." He had some pretty pictures. One

was of the Chinese juggling in Shanghai and another was fine one of the ship.

A romantic-looking chap offered his snaps. He was non Voris, worthy of the r. There was one of him in ricksha on the Shanghai I another of two Jap girls under parasol in the park, one of with Roy Russell in tarp suits on the "Madison," and another in the Santa Ana Cal Manila, a big dance pavilion. was from Bellingham, Wash.

Walter Pederson, of Seattle some of the finest photos; ex himself in a sampan in East waters, another of the pet Chinese camel at Shanghai, one with quartermaster cap on, a fine of the "Madison," another of

SPY LEARNS OF CAPITALIST

(Continued from First Page This Section.)

she was practically out of the Communist party on her return to England after all the risk she had taken. There was bitterness in her voice as she finished the story over our coffee cups.

Shows No Bitterness

But I had learned enough from her to give Mr. Marsh a lot of important information. When I saw him the next day at the Ritz with Mrs. Marsh and told him the story he was greatly interested. Despite Miss Pankhurst's personal feeling she had not criticized the Communist Government of Moscow. In fact she was stronger for it than she had been before. Mr. Marsh urged me to go at once to Colonel Carter at Scotland Yard with my information. He said he was going to Warwick Castle in a couple of days and wanted me to come and be his guest.

I waited in London several days, visiting Scotland Yard and Miss Pankhurst and then received a letter from Mr. Marsh on the stationery of Warwick Castle. It will be recalled that he had rented that historic place and that Mrs. Marsh was doing a great deal of entertaining there.

Mr. Marsh's letter read as follows:

"WARWICK CASTLE

"Dear Doctor:

"Just in from shooting. Come

up and spend a night with me. The bearer of the note is going down by motor. There are a few trains running and will, I think, be more each day. Think there are some large motors running between London and Birmingham that stop here. Leamington is on the main line only two miles from here. Am anxious to have the news. Come any night or day and spend the night. Haven't any parties until October 10.

"Yours,

"MARSH.

"My car is much better, but I want you to have a look at it."

Spy Gets Noble's Bed

Then Mrs. Marsh had written on the bottom of the note as follows:

"Will you please take the enclosed note to Pera Co., and bring the cigarettes with you."

So, finally I went on to Warwick. I found the castle to be just what I had expected from the pictures I had seen of it.

As I passed through the gates the man in the watch tower notified those in the main house of my arrival and as I stepped out of my motor Mr. and Mrs. Marsh and a butler were at the door waiting for me. They greeted me cordially and I was conducted to my room.

It was a big room, possibly thirty by forty-two feet. The typ-

ical narrow windows, very deep-seated because of the great thickness of the walls, made the room seem gloomy. The walls were oak panelled right up to the ceiling.

The bed was an extremely large one. The wood was black, or almost black, and was encrusted with gold and ivory all over. It was a four poster with a canopy and had once been the bed of one of the ancient nobles of England. It was very wide and long.

The windows were curtained with velvet. There was a very heavy, plain, modern carpet on the floor and there were three eighteenth century French chairs. A few ancient portraits in oil adorned the walls.

Too Rich for Comfort

And then came the real surprise. There was a comparatively modern washstand, but no bathroom. The castle had not been modernized. I think there may have been two bathrooms in this enormous castle and they were not modern. They had the typical English tubs of extremely heavy zinc, boxed in with oak, put in probably sixty or seventy years before.

I changed clothes, washed up and hurried down to luncheon.

After Mrs. Marsh retired, Mr.

Marsh took me for a trip to the estate. There are several thousand acres, well cultivated. The estate was heavily stocked with rabbits, foxes, falcons, cocks and other interesting birds and animals. Mr. Marsh said revenues from rents were comparatively small and the cost of maintenance very large. There was some revenue from poultry and cattle.

Bitter in Retrospection

On our return to the castle had tea, and then walked to little village. About seven o'clock we got back and I went to room to prepare for dinner. A valet had laid out everything for me. Dinner was served in large dining hall at a huge table. It was oblong and large enough for about thirty diners, but only four of us dined. Mrs. Marsh was the fourth guest.

Service of the dinner was very formal. The castle boasted about eighteen servants. They served the dinner, which consisted of so many courses, with cocktails, liqueurs and heavy wine, and I began to feel very uncomfortable. It was too elaborate for me.

Mrs. Marsh seemed to sense position. She wasn't much interested in Mr. Marsh's war against Communism and regarded me as a sort of freak to contend with for her husband's as-

According to the theory of evolution—I believe it is still possible to speak the shameful as long as you add the word "xy"—all life came from the sea. It is certain that our blood is made up of seawater in which red and white corpuscles in numbers vary according to health. It is certain that sea, the extract of seaweed, is one of the most helpful medicines for humanity internally and externally.

Get back to the sea, therefore, is to return home, to rest for a season to the basins of our health supply. We are creatures of sea and sun and air. Our skins need all three. It is foolish to enforce ill health on morality, like politics, makes age bedfellows. Prohibition

Morality & Virtue

From these mock virtues spring all the suppressions, inhibitions, inferiority and sex complexes and perversities which we are only now learning to recognize for what they are and for why they are, and thereby to cure.

Back to the air, then, and the sun and the sea! Bathe in all three of them. Throw off not only the chains the tailors and the dressmakers weave for us, and the fashion-mongers conspire with the moralists to rivet on us; but throw off also the fettering idiosyncrasies, superstitions and errors.

Nothing in our history is more significant than the national rush for the water as soon as the weather is warm enough to per-

Well, our girls of the pioneers, too. They have no wilderness to conquer, no trees to chop down, no Indians to shoot; so they are clearing out the jungles of old prejudice and picking off the old warriors and squaws who believe that woman's highest temple is the kitchen and her altar the stove.

When Miss Katherine Bement Davis, who has had more acquaintance with wicked women, young and old, than almost anybody else on earth, was made commissioner of correction for New York, she pleaded for fewer laws and less interference with liberty.

A man of feminine delicacy cried out: "Would you allow a man to run in the street naked?" And Miss Davis answered promptly:

to save three lives.

Back to the sea, women! Aphrodite was born of the sea and her joy of life came thence.

While there is so much law-making going on, and there are laws against nearly everything, including the criticizing of our form of Government, why not pass a few laws making it criminal libel to criticize people who go in for swimming and a felony to propose any regulation interfering with costumes.

The Board of Health should look into the matter, for anything that tends to weaken the girls, weakens the women, and all their children. There are laws against spreading disease germs; why not against poisoning the public mind against salvation by swimming? (Copyright, 1935, Bell Syndicate, Inc.)

ET PAYMASTER IN ENGLAND

Melita, Martens had heard in Moscow, so when I started London on my second trip I was as the accredited courier of Mrs. Martens personally paid me \$250 to give to Rothstein in London and also a letter a secret report to the foreign office of the Soviet Government in Moscow, to be forwarded to me by Rothstein.

Arriving in London, I reported at Scotland Yard, and a conference with Colonel Carter and soon Sir Basil came. He shook my hand cordially. "We have looked up Rothstein," said. "We find you are correct. He is the head of the Soviet movement here. We have done nothing about him yet. He is under constant surveillance, however, we know everything he is doing now."

YOU WILL POSSIBLY BE SURPRISED TO LEARN THAT ROTHSTEIN HAS BEEN A LONDON NEWSPAPER, AN IMPORTANT LONDON DAILY NEWS, AND THAT HE HAS ALSO BEEN IN OUR WAR DEPARTMENT PRESS BUREAU," said Colonel Carter, smiling.

Rothstein on Newspaper

The Hearst newspapers in picking up Doctor Nosovitsky learned that Theodore Rothstein was a sub-editor on London Daily News during war and eventually got into British government press bureau.

This was a stunner! There was the whole thing. They had been through my work every-

thing they wanted and they told me that they had not acted against Rothstein because they were waiting for something!

I told them of the \$50,000 worth of diamonds Souvarine had mentioned and they got to work on this at once.

I produced the communications from Martens to Rothstein. They have a special machine for steaming open letters and they told me they would open these communications, photostat them and return them to me for delivery.

While this was going on I began to get nervous. Suppose, I thought, Martens had some secret way of marking a letter so Rothstein could tell if it had been opened? However, we made a careful examination of it at the yard and were all convinced that there could be no detection of the opening of the letter.

Sir Basil told me I could consider that I was working from then on only under his jurisdiction, and I left to see Rothstein.

This time Rothstein greeted me in a very friendly way and seemed glad to receive the letter and the communication for Moscow. Also he seemed pleased to get the \$250 from Martens. I added \$100 to it to make it look better.

I watched his eyes carefully. He seemed much more interested in the money than in anything else.

Rothstein said he supposed Martens had lots of money and he complained bitterly that Moscow didn't send him enough. I became convinced that he was more or less money mad.

Our conversation didn't mean much, so I will waste no time on it.

In the end he gave me a letter and a package of literature to deliver back to Martens when I reached New York.

It was then arranged that Colonel Carter and I should meet secretly so I could let him have the letter from Rothstein to Martens, long enough for him to photostat. I turned the literature and letter over to Colonel Carter and settled down for what I hoped would be a little rest and amusement.

Later on the same day I was summoned to Scotland Yard. Colonel Carter's face was a study. He had apparently had some shock.

Without saying a word, Colonel Carter produced Rothstein's letter which I had loaned him and then I got a shock.

Marked Letter a Trap

The envelope had been opened, but instead of it being a neat job which Martens would not notice. THE ENTIRE ENVELOPE WAS SMEARED WITH RED!

Rothstein, before sealing the envelope, being of a naturally suspicious nature, had smeared red and purple aniline dyes on the gummed edge of the envelope flap so that if the envelope was steamed open the dye would spread all over the envelope!

Rothstein had done this to test my reliability, and Scotland Yard had fallen right into the trap!

And there I was, the special courier of Martens, caught by the cleverness of Rothstein! Of course my usefulness was ended. Of course the mysterious power of the Soviet would be directed against one who betrayed the Soviet government in this way. What was to be done?

In my next chapter I will tell you how we got around this bit of bad luck and of how in the end, through my work, Rothstein was sent out of England after being given the choice of standing prosecution or accepting voluntary exile.

WAS MY INFORMATION ABOUT ROTHSTEIN CORRECT?

If you think it was not, ask any United States Government official who is the present Ambassador to Persia from the Russian Soviet government. He will tell you that that gentleman is no other than my old acquaintance Theodore Rothstein.

Next Sunday, another fascinating chapter of intrigue by the international spy.

Germany Profits By Cheaper Visas

By O. D. TOLISCHUS.
Universal Service Staff Correspondent
BERLIN.

A GENERAL amnesty on the poor tourist has just been declared by the German government.

Bargain rates are now offered in the passport visa which permit visitors to enter the country. Americans of the North, South and Central category need pay only fifty cents down for a few weeks' stay in Germany, according to a new ruling.

Those who arrive at German ports, travel through to other countries and return again will be tapped only for one dollar. A six months' visum will now cost just two dollars instead of ten as formerly.

Too much inhospitality and too high rates for stamping passports worked havoc on the tourist trade for Germany. It kept the number of would-be visitors down and made those who did decide to make the plunge uncomfortable.

SPY UNDER COMMUNIST

Pretended to Be a Smuggler to E

Doubted by Sylvia Pankhurst Nosovitsky Prepared Story He Knew She Would Spread and Cover His Tracks

HOW the international spy found himself with his back against the wall, unable to explain away suspicions cast on him by the New York executive committee of the Communist party and by Sylvia Pankhurst in London because of a doubt of his loyalty expressed in a letter from Louis Fraina, Communist leader, then in Russia, is told by him in this chapter of his amazing story of international intrigue. His spending of large sums while with Fraina in London had aroused the latter's suspicions. The spy finally hit on the false admission that he was a jewel smuggler to account for his luxurious living.

By JACOB NOSOVITZKY
The Famous International Spy

IN MY career as an international spy I had to pose in many parts. Now I suddenly found myself compelled to pose as a smuggler to save my face before the Communists. I was the official courier between the Communists in America and England. They didn't know, of course, that I was really an agent for Scotland Yard, the United States secret service and New York capitalists. My big income was derived from these three sources.

After my adventures with the Third International Congress of Communists at Amsterdam I returned by way of London to New York. I ran into a member of the executive committee of the Communist party of America who startled me with unexpected news.

He informed me confidentially that Louis Fraina had sent a letter from abroad to the party casting suspicion on me. Readers of my adventures will recall how Fraina and I had gone to the international as the two delegates from America, and how I had spent large sums on him on the trip, so that by giving him a taste of luxury I could break down his morale and make him useful to me.

He decided that to settle on an amount for legitimate expenses of my trip which would seem a lot to the Communists and yet would not seem outrageous and to demand its repayment from the committee.

Stifled Inquiry

I fixed up an expense account of \$1,400. I also prepared a full report of what had happened at Amsterdam, got the stenographic record of the Third International which I had allowed Scotland Yard to copy and went to the

IN AND OUT OF A



Two expressions of "Doctor" Jacob Nosovitzky, Sylvia Pankhurst and elated on

SUSPICION FRANA AROUSED

in His Luxurious Mode of Living

EMMA

Letter from Former Associate in Mexico Showed Why Woman Was Loath to Accept His Statements--How He Thwarted an Investigation



"I cannot help what you think. You should not doubt me. I do not care if you want to deal with me or not. I am here as the official representative of the Communist move for practically all of South America. Please read that."

I handed her my credentials from Mexico City. My nerves tingled. My mind steadied and pleasurable reactions helped revive my spirits. I thought I had put over a master stroke. Under the Communist rules I had her. Whether she trusted me or not, I was properly accredited and had original documents.

Stumped by Letter

"All I have to ask of you, Comrade Pankhurst, is that you forward those documents to Moscow for the Communists of Mexico."

I was quite confident and quite dictatorial. But Miss Pankhurst looked at me lolly for a full minute. A sarcastic smile spread over her face.

Turning to her desk she pulled out a drawer. She tossed a letter carelessly at me.

"Now, you read that," she said commandingly.

When I opened the letter I was astonished.

It was a letter from Linn Gale, in Mexico City. He was known to the Communists as an active leader down there. Gale had written her about my trip to Mexico and said that he had become suspicious of me. He asked her who I was!

I had used the Gale association as an alibi only to face a letter from Gale himself asking Miss Pankhurst to tell him everything

of my being practically read out of the party and had known of the action of executive committee.

Returning to my hotel, I revolved many excuses. Suddenly I had it! I was a smuggler! That would be it! No records to check up! I hastened out in the morning looking for a jeweler with whom I could do business in my own way. I had nearly \$5,000. I made some selections with the understanding that if I wanted to return them I could. If I made other selections I would be credited with full value. If I wanted my money back I would get it with a discount.

I was at Miss Pankhurst's house by noon. Once alone with her, I said:

"Comrade Pankhurst, I had hoped never to have to reveal my personal affairs to anyone. I am not willing to reveal them to the executive committee here or in New York. They can think as they want. But you are different. We have become personal friends in this last year. I am willing that you should know my personal secrets. Comrade Pankhurst, I am a smuggler. There is how I got my money."

Jewelry Exhibited

"I threw on her table the articles of jewelry I had just gotten.

"I have been smuggling jewelry and art objects into the United States and making a substantial profit on them," I explained. "I did not want to tell you this because I may drop in your estimation. Aside from that it may and the others feel that

to tell her the truth, and then I left her.

This time I was going to be sure of myself. I wasn't going to think I had put her fears to sleep. I was going to know!

So I waited about for a couple of days and went back to see her.

Plot Against Editor

There was one Corrio in charge of her newspaper. She, for personal reasons, was very fond of him. He was about fifty. Some members of her own Communist group felt if he could be gotten out of the way a combination of her newspaper with the main Communist group and a combination of her newspaper with the main Communist newspaper could be affected. Through Colonel Carter I learned that two Communists in her group intended to mask themselves, go to Corrio's office and beat him until he agreed to leave London. Knowing how fond of Corrio Miss Pankhurst was I told her of the plot. At first she doubted me.

I suggested that Corrio announce he was going to work late and that we remain in hiding in the office to see what happened. She agreed but at the last moment was afraid something would happen to Corrio and stopped the arrangement.

Determined to get some advantage out of the situation I got the two Communists to the newspaper office and in her presence forced them to admit they had intended to do exactly what I had said. Then I ordered them out.

Poor Sylvia Pankhurst was only a woman after all. She went into hysterics. She cried bitterly to

direct accusations against me. He has made broad insinuations and suggested that my source could be looked into. This about the most disconcerting thing that could happen to me at that moment.

Fraina had spoken very well of me in one sense at least. He said that at Amsterdam I had performed my mission well, had thoroughly protected him and even risked my life for him. But Fraina went on to say that we had been spending a great deal of money in London.

To get this information informally instead of being unexpectedly confronted with it was a life-saver to me. It gave me time to think out a plan to save myself.

I had actually spent about \$2,500. But that would be too much to try to cover up, so I

raising a rumpus about my bill. I told them I knew it was large, but that circumstances were such that it had been necessary for us to pose as two well-to-do New York business men. I did so much talking about my expenses that I gave them no chance to question it. I insisted I had borrowed right and left and was so persistent in asking for reimbursement, which I knew they were not in a position to make, that I succeeded in making them uncomfortable, and they were glad to sidetrack consideration of expenditures. This served for the time to allay all suspicion.

After an adventure in Mexico and a short stay in America I went back to England where I immediately hunted up Sylvia Pankhurst. I did not find the same friendly person that I had so recently left. She looked me over suspiciously and told me she

to tell everything she knew about activities in London, who had gone and what she knew of my large expenditures. "When you came here before," she said, "you advanced me two hundred pounds. I never had so much money myself unless it was money belonging to the party. Few Communists have so much money. And yet it was very little to you. What I want to know is where did you get the money?"

I did the only thing I could. I pretended to be very indignant. I was sparring for time.

"I think the Communist party is going a little too far when it wants to go into my private affairs," I said. "I make my money in my own way and I don't know that I should have to account for it. I am surprised at you, Comrade Pankhurst. You have known me over a year now and you always found in me a true comrade, ready to help at the first call. You never knew me to do anything wrong nor to try to get

I am not going to is a principle involved are made against glad to prove my She was not implying me another surprise "I also got word York you have to that you live in apartment and that have plenty of money like to know when

Mexican Do

"Well, if there is wrong about me so I am is concerned, I all such things, would pilled.

"That may be all v said, "but if you are munist and your experience caused any suspicion you hesitate for a explaining? Nobody you as a Communist

SUBMARINES SHOULD BE Josephus Daniels Declares They

By JOSEPHUS DANIELS

Secretary of The Navy in Wilson's Cabinet

WHAT is going to happen to the submarines? Within the month the British navy has lost its M-1 with sixty-eight men on board and the United States has lost its S-51 with its crew of thirty-three. Other nations have suffered losses of under-sea craft. All this in time of peace, too, with no enemy.



JOSEPHUS DANIELS

So far as the United States navy is concerned, it has suffered more losses in peace than during the world war. The last loss has increased the feeling that submarines are of doubtful value, and all Britain is talking about whether the possible good the submarines might do offset the tragic death of those sixty-eight men. Lord Lee proposes another conference to get rid of the submarine. Some weaker powers say the submarine is the weapon of the weaker powers. Nothing gets on British nerves like something that touches its navy. It has comparatively little pride in its feats on land, but to be "mistress of the seas" is its supreme ambition.

It has held that position so long that when the United States navy was about to take first place on the sea, it had nervous indigestion. It was ready to surrender anything or everything sooner than permit this loss of the prestige of sea-power.

But at the Washington Conference it showed wisdom. On December 21, 1921, Lord Lee, First Lord of the Admiralty, placed his country's attitude in the records in these words:

"The British empire delegation desires formally to place on record this opinion that the use of sub-

marines, whilst of small value for defensive purposes, leads inevitably to acts which are inconsistent with the laws of war and the dictates of humanity, and the delegation declares that united action should be taken by all nations to forbid their maintenance, construction or employment."

Unfortunately, our naval advisers declared: "The United States needs a large submarine force to protect its interests."

It begins to be a question for debate: Shall we sink our submarines officially and get out of the assassin craft operation or shall we let them be sunk by accident? "I have never believed the submarine to be a weapon of real importance for our empire," recently said a British statesman of high rank, and he quoted naval officers to the same effect. "I would wipe out all the submarines tomorrow if I could," declared Admiral Kerr, of the British Navy. Nancy Astor says: "I would go around the world five times if I thought I could do anything to persuade the nations to abandon submarines." Even then it would not be so hard a job as when Jules Verne accomplished it in eighty days save one.

Piratical Craft

It seems a far cry from the days when U-boats were playing havoc and ruthless submarine warfare terrorized all who went down to the sea in ships to this hour when civilized nations are debating the question of what to do with the submarine.

If a vote could have been taken

in 1915-18 on "Shall be banished along with ratatical sea terrors?" t all Allied nations would overwhelmingly in favor of this character of long before the world vish admiral declared the captured submarines "changed as pirates."

So they should, except fact that they were oiders. If that was tl among naval men then, edies in the war incre feeling an hundred to feeling still exists among ple. It is not carried t only from the fear that tion would employ it havoc if other nation scrap their submarines.

Supremacy of

When the war came to most people believed the of Nations would be rather that disarmament would When the United States ratify then the temptation gin competitive building was too hard to resist.

It was beginning agab when Harding called the ington conference. It was that it would outlaw sub poison gas and take a lo toward disarmament.

It did insure to the Briti the supremacy of the sea would soon have been tra to the United States. It vent the necessity of large priations for dreadnaugh

I tried to assume an offended air. I simply couldn't think of an explanation, but while I was trying my level best to conjure up something plausible I recalled at I still had in my pocket the report of the Mexican Communist meeting and the communication from two Mexicans to Zinoviev, chairman of the Third International.

This was the episode I have described in an earlier chapter, when I was sent to Mexico by New York capitalists to investigate Bolshevik conditions and I faked up a thrilling report, aided by Linnale, an American draft dodger and editor. That Mexican adventure came just before this present visit to London.

My hand instinctively went into my pocket and I produced the Mexican document.

"Comrade Pankhurst," I said,

satisfactorily. I turned to go. At the door she caught up with me and said, very pleasantly:

"The executive committee of the Communist party of Great Britain has served official notice on me that until they are through investigating you I am to have nothing more to do with you. I shall have to obey."

I knew what that meant.

Saw Colonel Carter

I went home to my hotel to think and later advised with Colonel Carter, of Scotland Yard. I told him that this finished me with the Communists unless I found my way out of the tangle. He smiled. Incidentally he surprised me by telling me that he had already a report

like these things, but see also, how I have been ready to spend my gains on the cause of communism, and for this I am suspected.

"Now, comrade, this is all in secret. I beg you not to tell the committee about this. Let me keep my secret. If they do not want me in communism without explanations, I will have to stay out. Promise you will keep my secret."

I knew perfectly well that while she was promising she would reveal everything I said. The explanation seemed satisfactory. She asked me questions about how much I smuggled and how much I made and I gave her details.

"Why didn't you tell me this in the first place?" she asked.

I pretended to feel very badly and said it hurt my pride to have

She was grateful and said she was now sure that I was honest in my communism.

She wrote a letter to the Communists in New York expressing the greatest faith in me and made some suggestions which finally resulted in my being cleared of suspicion about my income. In doing this she did what I hoped for—broke faith about my alleged smuggling.

When I faced my investigators in New York later they told me they had learned all about my smuggling. They did not condemn me. They did not approve. At the finish they merely told me there were no charges pending any further.

Next week you will read the details of my work on the Wall Street bomb explosion.

CREATED AS PIRATE CRAFT Should Be Sunk and No More Built

give a measure of hope for another conference when real reduction of armament and armies and fleets would be realized.

Giant Subs Built

It did greatly restrict the use of submarines. It adopted a treaty which the five signatory powers established a rule for their armament that a merchant vessel should be ordered to submit to visit search to determine its character before it can be seized by a marine, and merchant vessels should not be attacked unless they refuse to submit to visit and search after warning, and must be destroyed unless the crew and passengers have been first rescued in safety.

It was agreed that any person in the service of any power violating the rules should be deemed having violated the laws of war and would be liable to trial and punishment as if for an act of war. If that practice should become universal, would the submarine be of any value? It was recognized at the Washington Conference the "practical impossibility of using submarines as commerce destroyers without violating the principles of international law."

A brief time ago England built submarines that could carry 12-inch guns. It was one of the older of these giant subs which went to the bottom of the sea, carrying a 160-ton crew. Naval constructors have been telling us that dreadnaughts could be made invulnerable. If this 12-inch gun had not been lost, the day would have been near at hand when the more

daring constructors would have planned 16-inch gun subs.

The fact is the 12-inch gun submarine was too large and is probably the cause of its loss. There is a limit in all things and the bigger the guns the more dangerous is a submarine boat, though nobody can say a 16-inch gun submarine may not be as safe tomorrow as a 6-inch one was yesterday.

I have always been skeptical about America's ability to construct the best submarines, although Bushnell, Fulton, Holland and Lake, all American, were pioneers in their construction. When U-boats were apparently going about their assassination with little or no trouble to machinery, the concern of our navy was to keep submarines in condition.

The U-boats sank 12,000,000 tons of merchant shipping. I do not recall that in 1913 there was a single submarine that could be said to function perfectly. I almost literally sweat blood trying to secure seaworthy and efficient submarines. There were no losses in the eight years I was Secretary of the Navy except one near Honolulu, but the submarine boats were often laid up for repairs and alterations and changes.

Many Are Unseaworthy

Heroic efforts were made to secure first-class submarines, but with little success. I read a few days ago that a large number of American submarines were not seaworthy. It was printed that "one entire line of eighteen submarines was recently condemned to the junk heap with a single exception."

It is only in novels like those of Jules Verne's that a submarine can be described as "the safest of vessels, moving placidly in the still depths far below the wind-swept surface." In actuality there is never comfort and seldom freedom from danger, even in peace time. I was surprised that capable officers and men could keep some of the things afloat and go to sea safely. It was due more to skill and seamanship than the efficiency of the ship. All other craft have some value in peace. Not so the submarines. They are useful only in war.

When the world war was drawing to a close the allied forces had been able to check the U-boat ravages. Until they had depth charges, submarine detectors, and could employ such barages as were constructed across the North sea the U-boats had a fairly easy time of their piratical sinking of unoffending merchant ships.

They never fought navy craft. Their prey was nearly all undefended merchant craft. With plenty of destroyers and submarine chasers, plus the other weapons, the U-boats lost much of their power to terrorize. If the barage had been constructed across the North sea early in the war, and a like one across the English channel, the hornets could have been shut up in their nests.

When the naval chieftains at Paris were debating and sometimes wrangling over what should be done with the German navy in captivity, supposed to be as safe as in a deposit vault at Scapa Flow, the differences were sharp and marked. One day I asked Lloyd George what he personally thought ought to be done with the German fleet. Said the brilliant premier:

"If I had my way, I would have the whole fleet sail out into mid-ocean. Then, with all the allied bands playing their national airs, I would ostentatiously sink them all."

Later, without sailing to mid-ocean and without the musical accompaniment desired by the Welsh lover of music, the Germans did the sinking for us. It was dastardly but it sent them where they belonged.

Back Hand Assassins

A like fate should await all submarines everywhere. There is no legitimate and fair sort of a fight in which they can engage. They are stiletto, back-hand assassins, piratical weapons. No civilized nation should employ them. There is some sportsmanship in every other sort of warfare.

When men meet face to face on sea or land or in the air there is honorable warfare. But the submarine stiletto secretly fires its crashing torpedo and then slinks away without giving the enemy a dog's chance for his life.

No civilized nation should permit a submarine to be employed any more than they would extend to the ancient piratical crews the same right to the freedom of the seas that is enjoyed by honest traders.

Lloyd George was right in 1919. The same remedy for all submarines should be used in 1925.

Sink them all from Dan to Beersheba and build no more. That's the only answer to this assassin of the sea.

(Copyright, 1925, by Twenty-first Century Press.)

INTERNATIONAL SPY, HIRED WALL STREET EXPLOSION

Got on the Trail of Russian Terrorist Who Had Been Busy in the Manufacture of Many Bombs

By JACOB NOSOVITSKY

Famous International Spy.

ON SEPTEMBER 16, 1920, the entire world was shocked by the explosion of what is now referred to as the Wall Street bomb. A small wagon had stopped directly in front of the offices of J. P. Morgan and Company. A short time after there was a roar that rocked the entire financial district. It partly shattered the front of the Morgan offices. The horse and wagon were blown to pieces. Twenty-nine persons were killed, ten injured died later, and more than 200 others were injured.

It was felt that this explosion had been deliberately planned with the idea of killing some of America's greatest capitalists.

All the detectives in New York were put to work on the case. Cable and telegraph wires were kept hot, and investigations were begun all over the world in the hope of developing something that might lead to the detection of the criminals.

All right-thinking people were aghast. There had been much talk of Red activities. Was this the beginning or the end? The city was in terror. Guards were hired for all financial institutions, and all suspicious characters were watched. New deadlines were established by the police. Every vehicle was scrutinized. Police headquarters was on edge every moment, expecting more explosions. The Reds were really scared.

Who had done this? Who was responsible for this wholesale murder? Whose mind was directing it and whose hand carrying out the plot?

William Flynn was head of the United States Secret Service. William J. Burns was then run-

developed anything in the way of definite information.

Mr. Marsh met me and told me he wanted me to start an independent investigation of the radical elements. I told him right at the start I thought there was not much use of doing that because even the Reds did not believe terroristic acts of this sort and that even the Reds did not believe in ter-

THIS picture was taken from the entrance of J. P. Morgan and Company. It shows the ground the wreck of a motor car which seemed to be the cause of the explosion. A great crowd filled Wall Street. The picture on the right shows the entrance to the United States Bank.



BY CAPITALISTS, PROBES TELLS HIS STRANGE FINDINGS

Co., showing in the foreground the center of the blast. Monument at the Y.

Nosovitsky Learned that Communist Party Feared Ivan, the Individualist, and Tried to Stop Him from Storing Quantities of High Explosives

materials for bombs and one of his intimate comrades had reported to their headquarters that "Moscow" apparently intended to use these bombs.

The committee of control also got the names of his comrades who were stealing explosives from the munitions factories in New Jersey.

The committee was very much worried because one false move by such a comrade and they could all be in trouble up to their necks. If "Moscow" were caught gathering explosives, the reaction against his entire group of comrades might prove to be terrific. No individual was supposed to take the law into his own hands. He was supposed to obey.

Finally, a Russian committee decided to call on "Moscow" and have an understanding. They visited him in Newark and told him what they had learned. They also told him they could not let him go on and that he would have to promise to get rid of the explosives. He was also told that, for the safety of his comrades, he would have to agree to adhere strictly to the rules of his organization.

"Moscow" agreed to carry out

"Dr. Jacob Nosovitsky, the international spy, who was hired by New York capitalists to investigate the Wall Street explosion.



refused to let him put the case in the cellar. In fact, he refused to harbor "Moscow" at all. "Moscow" left to go to another little town near Passaic. There he remained a day or two.

All efforts to trace his movements after that were fruitless. I did learn, however, that he had gone abroad right after the explosion. I saw Marsh, Woods and Hoover and they gave me \$2,500 more to continue work. It was into Russia or Poland, if Russia was not possible, and then work from Poland. When I left Hoover particularly asked me to look up a certain radical. Two years later I learned that this radical

letter my assistant arrived in Warsaw. He reported to me that "Moscow" was at that moment chairman of a shop committee in a clothing factory in the province of Mogilev. He also said that although "Moscow" was held in high esteem by his comrades, he was already beginning to regret that he had returned to Soviet Russia, where there were so many Soviet rules that individuality of action was killed.

I then instructed my assistant to move into the same town with "Moscow" and keep in close contact with him. Toward this end I gave him what was to him a lot of money. I said I would return to the United States and get all the information I could. My assistant was at all times to keep watch on "Moscow" and let me know where he went.

On my return I was arrested at the border of Germany, where 240 golden roubles were confiscated. This was because I was unable to account for possession of the money. I was released and continued through England to the United States.

Indefinite Result

Then I began to hunt up all "Moscow's" relatives and friends. The details would prove uninteresting. It was step by step that I worked. One man who was supposed to know of "Moscow's" activities was traced to Alaska in the salmon fisheries. Another trail took us to western Canada.

And then I found a cousin of "Moscow" living in New Jersey. I watched him carefully and finally intercepted two letters to him from Russia.

I turned both of these letters



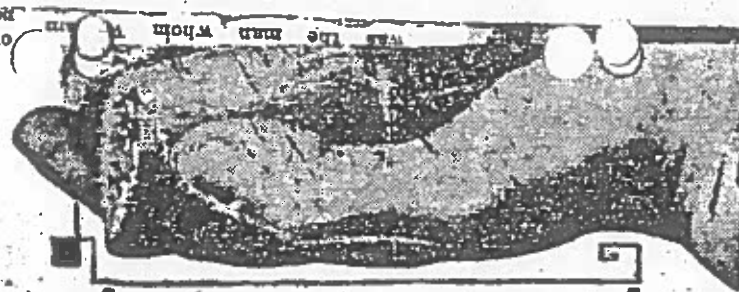
Spy Starts Inquiry

There were solemn faced conferences day and night. And yet nobody made the least bit of progress on the case.

I was on the high seas bound for England when the news was wirelessly to us. I was still associated with Scotland Yard and on my arrival went directly there. Scotland Yard was all agog over the explosion and was watching every steamer from America.

I was in London just a few days when I got a cable from Henry W. Marsh, the millionaire of whom I have spoken in these articles, asking me to return to New York immediately on a very important matter.

Of course I knew he meant the Wall Street bomb explosion. However, I felt that the New York police and the Secret Service had the matter well in hand and probably knew more about it than they were allowing to get into the newspapers. Therefore I took my time. Several weeks later I returned to New York and saw Mr. Marsh. Neither the Secret Service nor the police had



PIECES of metal picked up in the street after the explosion. Investigation of the blast failed to identify them as part of the bomb.

do things which would endanger the lives of innocent people. I said they might believe in the killing of a big government official or a group of them but they would avoid killing others.

In this case, I pointed out, the perpetrator of the crime apparently didn't care whom he killed, which to me, meant that the act did not have the official sanction of any official committee and that the killer, in my opinion, was some person acting in his individual capacity.

This was based in my general knowledge of anachistic affairs. Had I only thought at that moment of certain forgotten reports I had made to the Department of Justice a couple of years before,

I would have been able to offer some proof of my ideas.

Mr. Marsh told me there was a large sum of money available for any investigation I might make.

He took me to the offices of Col. Arthur Woods, former police commissioner and son-in-law of J. P. Morgan, where I explained to Woods my ideas.

I told Col. Woods that if I was to do anything I ought to make a general investigation of the whole thing from beginning to end, and that I should first have every report that had been made. Col. Woods said that the idea was for me to pay no attention to the crime itself. That is, I was not to take the moment of the explosion as my starting point and work in every direction from it. He wanted that to be left with William Burns and the Department of Justice. He wanted me to begin mixing with all of the Reds, on the chance of running across information which might lead me back to the moment of the explosion. I protested.

Woods half agreed with me as to the explosion probably not having been an official Red act. In the end he asked me to go to Washington and talk the matter over with J. E. Hoover, of the United States Department of Justice.

Communists Start Probe

Hoover practically agreed that it probably was not an official Red act, but was strongly of the opinion that some criminally inclined individual Communists might have committed the crime. He said that, since all other ends were being investigated, it would be criminal negligence not to investigate among the Reds, and therefore he favored my investigation being along the lines outlined by Col. Woods.

I came back to New York and went to see Colonel Woods, who told me how much I wanted to work with. I asked for and

WRECKAGE of the curb in front of persons saw hauling t

got \$5,000. Woods thought I asking for very little in view the huge sums he was paying Burns. I guess he thought was not very enthusiastic.

With a couple of assistants went to work. We devoted time to persons whom we saw as being violent radicals.

One of the first things I across was a shock to me found that the Socialists Communists had combined make an investigation of the explosion. And they were not investigating within their ranks but were also investigating a certain detective agency.

Seeking Radical Lead

They were under the impression, or at least pretended that the outrage might have been a carefully planned scheme work up an anti-radical scheme. In fact, the radicals obtained affidavits to the effect that certain agency had planned send the horse and wagon to the financial district to be found by the police, who would also find the bomb. It was intended for the bomb to explode according to these affidavits. was alleged that the whole scheme was to frighten rich men spending a lot of money, or investigations.

When I told this to Mr. Marsh it had an unexpected effect on him. It convinced him that Reds were guilty and that had started a counter investigation to cast suspicion on the detectives. The result was I was ordered to double my efforts.

I was playing along with Communists on this investigation of the detective agency so I would be in a position to get information that came to Communist headquarters regarding which way it went.

During all this time I was hanging over in my mind everything I had ever heard of individuals who believed in violence in

French Are Roused by U. S. Consul's Action

By Universal Service PARIS.

THE greatest indignation has been aroused in French business circles by the insistence of United States consuls that they be allowed to see the account books and ledgers of French business men, before they will authorize shipments to the United States.

"Are we still the masters in our own home?" angrily demands l'Action Francaise, commenting on the American consular investigations. "Every day new incidents of the greatest gravity in regard to our national sovereignty, are brought to the attention of the Foreign Office. The latter is apparently paralyzed.

"If our Foreign Office had any sense of dignity, it would long ago have requested the American consul in Paris to put an end to his illegal investigations. The Gazette de Lausanne, in commenting on the American customs law, remarks that fortunately the Swiss government flatly refused to permit an American customs investigator to carry on his duties in Switzerland.

"Certain trans-Atlantic landlards are trying to steal the secrets of French manufacturers, to communicate them to the American

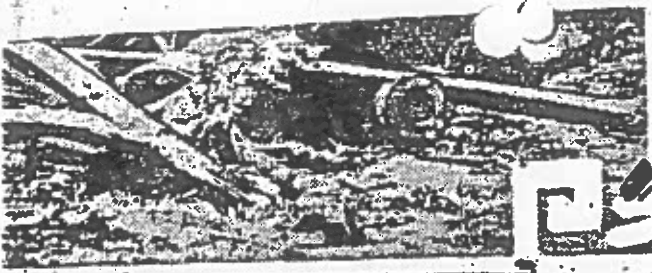
infant industries. They, when thanks to their spies they are able to manufacture as well as the French do, they'll close their American markets to French products."

The Marseilles Chamber of Commerce has sent a letter of protest to Minister of Foreign Affairs, Aristide Briand.

"Foreign agents, under pressure of causing difficulties for exporters," says the letter, "pretend they have the right on French soil to snoop into the private affairs of French citizens."

"We cannot believe that consular authority authorizes the minute investigations, and the copying of private bookkeeping records. This certainly violates the right of privacy in business and exceeds the ordinary bounds of international commerce."

The American consul general in Paris, Robert P. Skinner, has explained to the Marseilles and Paris exporters that American consular officials are only attempting to obtain a basis for a just and equitable "ad valorem" duty appraisal. The verification of the prices on shipping bills with the exporter's ledgers, is actually to protect French exporters from paying customs duties out of proportion to the value of the goods.



Wagon, believed to have carried the explosive to the office, and the body of the horse which several

of the Communists so so-
evening it seemed as if I
waking from a dream. Some-
that had quite slipped my
began to flash back on me.
concerned certain reports I
made to the Secret Service
after I had gone to work
nearly two years before. At
me I had been much inter-
in the matter, but the indif-
of the Secret Service had
d me to more or less for-

re was a man named Ivan
- who had been an organ-
in Newark for a certain
of Russian radicals. I will
mention his name, because
at this moment there is no
that he had anything to do
the Wall Street explosion.
purpose of this narrative I
call the man Ivan Moscow.

appears that this man had
very open in his utterances
at capital and that in 1918
had been saying that he in-
ed to return to Russia as soon
possible, but that before he
he intended to do something
big that American capitalists
ld remember it forever and

then asked what he meant to
he said he intended to apply
same methods of class strug-
as had been used in Russia.
I know what extreme of ter-
ism that means. All of this I
reported to Raymond Finch,
a head of the radical division
the secret service in New
k.
"Moscow" was so terroristic in
talk that some of his com-
es began to worry of the pos-
sibility of him getting them all
o trouble.

Finds He Had Bombs

Shortly after reporting to Mr.
Finch I learned through the con-
sulting committee of "Moscow's"
group in Newark that it had been
reported that "Moscow" was busy
storing explosives and other

this program and to stop inducing
comrades to get TNT for him. He
readily agreed that he would
never again have explosives in his
possession.

However, he did not live up to
his promises and went right
ahead storing explosives and
spreading the propaganda of de-
struction.

All this flashed back into my
mind, and, on looking further
into the later history of "Mos-
cow," I found that the committee
had become so incensed against
"Moscow" that they were about
to take drastic action against
him at the very time the Wall
Street explosion occurred.

His Quarry Disappears

At once I reported all of this
to Mr. Marsh, who became excited
over the information, and I went
to work further to trace every
move of "Moscow."

As soon as I got among the old
comrades of "Moscow" I began
to hear whispers about him. The
under-cover talk was that he had
made and planted the bomb in
Wall Street. I suggested that we
investigate to see if "Moscow"
had done it, but they said there
was no use because, of course,
"Moscow" had done it. Also it
was argued that if he had done
it we could not deliver him into
the hands of the police and that
therefore the less we knew about
it the better off we would be.

While all of this might not be
conclusive it was certainly some-
thing worth trying to work out,
and the day after I began serious
work on this phase of the case
with my two assistants.

Sensational details began to
develop quickly. Tracing "Mos-
cow," we learned that a few days
before the explosion "Moscow"
had appeared at the home of a
friend in Passaic, N. J., and asked
permission to remain over night.
He said he wanted to put his
heavily laden suitcase somewhere
in the cellar because it contained
explosives.

His host became frightened and

ting the Wall Street outrage
against whom Burns was
able to produce any evidence.

Spy Goes to Poland

I arrived in Warsaw. I was
travelling on my English passport,
which would not get me into Rus-
sia. I decided I would have to
continue pretending to be a Brit-
ish subject because if I were
Russian I would have to present
credentials which I did not pos-
sess.

Once in Warsaw I found myself
limited in my actions until I
could get my passports properly
visazed by the police. It cost
me exactly 25,000 Polish marks
to get past the police officials.
At the prevailing rate of ex-
change this was about \$2.50.

Immediately I forwarded a
guarded letter to one of my former
assistants, who was then in Mos-
cow. This had to be vague and
indirect because there was no
certainty it would get into his
hands unread or that he would
get it at all. I made it clear to
him that I was looking for "Mos-
cow," which would enable him to
make some inquiries before he
came to see me.

Twelve days after I posted the

in one of the letters "Moscow"
said that conditions in Russia did
not suit him because personal
initiative was impossible under
the Soviet laws and that he would
gladly leave Russia for any any
other country where he could ap-
ply all of his energy and even
give his life for the revolutionary
cause.

In the other letter "Moscow"
said he had no regret for what
he had done and that, although
innocent people suffered from his
act, he would gladly repeat it over
and over again, as he always be-
lieved it justified.

What act did he mean? Was it
the Wall Street bomb explosion?
I don't know. I gave to the
heads of the Department of Jus-
tice all the information I had
been able to get. Only they can
tell how it worked out. I told
them how they could keep in
touch with my man in Russia. I
told them where the man who had
refused to harbor "Moscow," a
few nights before the explosion,
could be located, and where he
work on the case ended. I told
everything in the hands of the
Department of Justice. The pur-
sue mine had been a side-line ac-
tivity and the department was
in general charge.

(Copyright, 1925, by N. Y. American)

Film on Napoleon's Life Is Objected to in Paris

By FRANK E. MASON

PARIS.

"NAPOLEON," a film portray-
ing the life of France's
greatest military hero, which it is
planned in Paris to produce on an
elaborate scale, will not serve to
glorify France, but will spread a
propaganda of hatred in foreign
countries, warns M. Francois Coty,
member of the French parliament,
owner of Le Figaro, a well-known
perfume manufacturer.

"I have refused to participate
in financing the film," announces
Monsieur Coty. "Although I, too,
like Napoleon, am a Corsican,
and although I am a great ad-
mirer of the Emperor, I am more
interested in serving the interests
of France.

"French people are too quick
to believe the entire world loves
them. But instead, hatred, envy,
jealousy and distrust of France
are fostered by a powerfully or-
ganized hostile propaganda. The
strongest medium of propaganda
today is the movie theater. What
the masses see on the screen is
indelibly engraved on their mem-
ories, and affects their opinions
long after newspaper articles and
speeches have been forgotten.

"Do we intend to support enemy
propaganda exploited in the United
States that France could pay her

war debts if she weren't ruining
herself by military expenditures?
Do we wish to create the impres-
sion abroad that France is blood-
thirsty and incurably imperialistic,
by showing 100,000,000 Americans
a film of the Napoleonic epoch?"

"It is planned to horrify the
Americans with saber charges,
with battles, massacres and heaps
of dead. This film will not ex-
plain to the Americans that it
was the new spirit against a
coalition of old powers and old
customs that forced Napoleon to
lead the Grand Army into all the
capitals of Europe. It will not be
shown that France was faced with
the alternatives: victory or de-
struction. This movie will not
portray the legislative, adminis-
trative and civilizing influences
of Napoleon.

"It should not be forgotten that
the film 'Napoleon' was a dream
of the late Hugo Stinnes. Only his
death prevented Stinnes from pro-
ducing it on a scale of gigantic
proportions.

"The good French citizens
who contribute their money, the
patriotic French actors and di-
rectors who are lending their
energies to carrying out the pro-
duction, forget that it was con-
ceived in the brain of a Prussian.
This should give them something
to think about.

"No, I have declined to aid in
financing 'Napoleon'."

This is a reproduction of a painting made thirty years ago by Dr. Wilhelm, emphasizing his prophecy of the coming of the "Yellow Peril" which he discusses in his statement today. The painting is Wilhelm's own caption notation: "Nations of Europe: Guard your most sacred possessions."

Soviet Spies Worked Way Into U. S. Secret Service

QUOW the Communists kept spies in the offices of the United States Secret Service and how the Secret Service had its own spy in the ruling group of Communists is revealed today by "Dr." Jacob Nosovitsky. It is an amazing story of international intrigue unfolded by this international adventurer who has played touch and go with the state secrets of three governments.

Ostensibly a Bolshevik leader from Russia working sub rosa with the American Soviet, in reality he was an agent for the Department of Justice, reporting to the United States Government on intimate movements and plans of his deluded political confederates.

Today's revelations are supplied by Nosovitsky from the stenographic notes of the secret Soviet trial of Louis Fraina. This Communist leader and Nosovitsky had been selected to go to New York as delegates to the Third International of the Communist Party at Amsterdam, Holland. Nosovitsky's mission was to get information for the British and American Governments. Fraina, of course, did not know his confederate was a Secret Service agent.

On the eve of departure, Fraina was accused by a fellow Bolshevik, one Peterson, of being in the employ of the United States Department of Justice. Peterson himself, ironically, had been on the rolls of the Secret Service to supply information to the Communists. At the trial in New York at the headquarters of Ludwig Martens, unofficial Soviet Ambassador to the United States, Nosovitsky acted as lay lawyer to defend Fraina. His amazing story of what transpired behind locked doors is given in photostatic copies of the official record of the trial.

By JACOB NOSOVITSKY.

HEREWITH I will reveal one of the strangest experiences of my eventful career as an international spy.

Ostensibly a Communist, I was in reality working for the famous Scotland Yard of England and the United States Secret Service among the Communists to reveal their activities to the two Governments.

I had to go through the strange proceeding of appearing officially as a lawyer for an accused man before a secret New York Communist Tribunal. In the offices of Ludwig C. Martens, the Soviet Government representative in the United States. The defendant was accused of being a spy for the United States Secret Service.

Communist Delegate

The whole affair was a most interesting insight into the methods of dealing with Communists in the American and British governments, and the Communists' methods of counter-attacks.

The name of Louis C. Fraina, I think, be recalled by nearly everybody who remembers the Bolshevik scare in this country during the war. Fraina was arrested night and day by the Gov-

ernment. His name was constantly in the newspapers, and he was considered a dangerous suspect.

While working for Mr. Henry W. Marsh, the New York capitalist, I had schemed to get to the Third International in order to ascertain its real anti-capitalistic secrets and program. Both Fraina and I were appointed by the Communist Party of America to go as delegates. I had my original credentials from the Communist Party of Moscow which got me into the heart of things here.

I imagine my astonishment when I was informed two days before the date set for sailing that Fraina was not to leave the country until he had met secret charges that he was secretly working for the United States Secret Service and was in its pay.

This charge caused a tremendous sensation among the Communists because Fraina was one of the best known and most active Communists.

I would have been much less surprised if my connection with the Government had become known. That Fraina, a genuine Communist, should be hauled up on such a charge was to me the funniest thing on earth. But I had to take it very seriously.

The charges were made by Santeri Nuorteva, secretary of the Russian Soviet Bureau in New York City. This made it all the worse, because Martens, the very head of the Soviet movement in America, must have examined the evidence and sanctioned the charge.

Grave Proceedings

Nuorteva, it appeared, made his charges on information given to him by Ferdinand Peterson, a Communist working for the Department of Justice, presumably spying on Nuorteva, but in fact a friend of Nuorteva. The latter was said to have told Peterson, a Finn, the purport of the reports he had to make to the Department of Justice about himself. So you can see there were wheels within wheels; the two sides were constantly spying on each other.

You may think this sort of thing only exists in the minds of fiction writers, but see from what follows in this chapter how much stranger truth is than fiction.

The charges against Fraina were first made by Nuorteva right after the Lusk Legislative Committee, which was active in those days, had raided the headquarters of the Communists in New York City.

The trial was unusual in many ways. I was assigned to defend Fraina and the trial was held in the large conference room of the Russian Soviet headquarters on Fortieth street, near Sixth avenue, New York City. The headquarters was a finely furnished suite of about seven rooms. Martens, who was the genuine Soviet Ambassador, was present. In the testimony that was taken, he was most frequently referred to as Comrade M.

A great many of the party

leaders, including Houdin, Weinstein, Nuorteva, Loveston, Bittelman and others were present and all looked very grave, because if it could be proved that Fraina was guilty of the charges the results were very likely to prove costly to him in more ways than one.

We were all seated around the big table. Several good friends were with Fraina. At the very outset some of them wanted to bar me from the proceedings, perhaps because I had the reputation of being a good cross-examiner. It is possible that they had also learned that I was going to try to get Nuorteva in trouble by showing that he had persuaded Peterson to join the United States Department of Justice forces for his own purposes.

I will quote directly or give a summary from the stenographic minutes of the trial taken by the Soviet stenographer. I got three copies of this report. One was sent to Moscow, one I turned over to the Department of Justice and the third I took to the Third International. It is well to remember that in the minutes D. J. means Department of Justice, C. P. Communist party, and M. means Martens.

After considerable argument over my presence at the hearing, I was allowed to stay. Nuorteva then announced that he had a written statement of the charges against Fraina.

Statement of "Plant"

The statement made by Peterson, who had been planted in the United States Secret Service by the Communists, was as follows:

"Sometime early in September I happened to read in a Finnish newspaper issued in Massachusetts an article dealing with controversies in the Socialist movement, in which article, which especially dealt with Louis Fraina's activities in Boston, a suggestion was made that Fraina might be a Government agent. Because I was anxious to know who were agents of this kind, I kept my eye on people who were coming to the office of the D. J. (Department of Justice.)

"During a talk with Davis, in charge of investigation of radical activities, I asked in a roundabout way whether Fraina was

believe that would cure evils, and not aggravate them, and what happened to my own family began to make me think.

Terrible As Czarism

I began to see that human nature was pretty much the same and that bolshevism would not improve conditions for the individual because it depended upon the very bad human interpretation of those things that might be good in bolshevism. The cure would have to come through education, time and human consultation and cooperation rather than through anything which could strike so blindly at the individual. The "czaristic" regime has been terrible and it was good that it was wiped out, but these hordes let loose without restraint and without training gave us conditions that were in some ways just as bad as we had suffered under the czar.

The more I thought the whole thing over the more I became embittered against the Communists and extreme radicals in general. I had been a university man and had the broad kind of education that is to be found among the thinking Russians. In the end I decided that I would revenge myself, and toward this end I went to the Department of Justice in New York.

A man named Raymond Finch was in charge. I told him that I could and would help in the governmental fight against communism.

By way of showing him that I knew what I was talking about and that I meant business, I told him of 100,000 Communist booklets which were being printed for distribution amongst American workers with the idea of inciting the workers against the Government.

The result was that these leaflets were seized by the United States, and Finch thought so much of my information that he invited me to become an undercover agent for the Government. I agreed to go to work for the Department of Justice. There was to be no salary, but there was to be a small expense allowance. In this way I joined the ranks of the "dollar-a-year men" of the United States Government.

Loses Identity

My individual identity had to be wiped out. I became no. 100! "D." Nozovitsky was to disappear from the face of the earth so far as the outside world could know, and in his place appeared a new individuality known only as No. 100. In the secrecy of the department, or the supposed secrecy, I was to sign my right name to vouchers for expenses, but beyond that all orders were to go to, and all reports to come from, No. 100.

For about a full year I worked thus in secret for the Department of Justice against the extreme radicals.

During this year I went higher and higher in the communist movement until finally I became regarded as one of its leaders. Every move made was reported constantly to the Department of

Justice in the United States. I was around the United States organizer for the Russian Federation of the American Socialist party. This organization was the first to secede from the American Socialist party and form the Communist party of America. The Socialists were not in sympathy with the extreme Russian Bolshevik ideas so the federation decided to get out of the Socialist party.

I spoke at meetings nearly every day, organizing new branches and collecting money for the radical press.

Among a number of strange experiences the most interesting was in Seymour, Conn. I was speaking there on a Sunday before a Russian audience. I wanted to organize them. My speech was a big success. They all got excited, as Russian and Latin natives do. I was progressing wonderfully. I had them up to a point where I was about to sign them all up for a new branch of the Russian federation when at the instigation of a Russian priest, the meeting was raided. The police were very mild, however, and when I agreed to deliver a few sentences in Russian and then repeat them in English so that the police would know what I was saying, they listened for an hour and then left.

Ousted From Federation

Later they came back, however. This time they were brought by the local United States Postmaster. They took me off to the police station where I got a dreadful beating. I knew that if I uncovered myself to the postmaster or if I took the police into my confidence and explained that I was operating for the Department of Justice I would get out of it and avoid all trouble. But I was afraid to rely on the judgment of country policemen. To me it meant that if it became known that I was really a Government agent the radicals would all learn of it and my activities as a United States secret agent would be ended and with it all my plans to counteract revolutionary propaganda in America.

I was held in jail for two days until the local police got word from the Department of Justice office in New Haven that I was "not wanted." I had not sent any word to Washington—the police did that, and when they reported my name the Department of Justice knew I was really working for it. I couldn't help smiling at the unpleasant little experience of No. 100. Later when I told Mr. Finch of what I had gone through, he expressed his regret and thanked me for the course I had taken. In fact, he said that only a man with the rugged Russian training could have gone through a beating without weakening when a word would have saved him.

As I went about I became popular with the rank and file by occasionally attacking the leaders and refusing to raise funds for the communist newspaper unless the Russian paper published all details of money raised as against expenses. I carried this so far that I was tried and suspended by the federation, but I knew what I was doing for this only

about 11 o'clock one evening in May, 1919.

We talked at great length and finally Sir Robert made me an offer of £500 pounds a month and certain stipulated expenses. At the rate of exchange then existing this made something near \$1,700 a month. I made my acceptance of this proposition dependent upon the wishes of the Department of Justice, saying that I would want to continue to turn copies of my reports over to the Department of Justice.

Spy for Scotland Yard

A few days later I received word from Mr. Finch, of the Department of Justice, that it was all right for me to work for Scotland Yard.

(Reporters of the Hearst newspapers have checked up on the employment of "Doctor" Nozovitsky by the Department of Justice, where one of the present heads told the "Doctor" in the presence of a reporter that some other person had tried to claim credit for some good work done by the "Doctor." Through the United States Department of Justice these newspapers have also checked up on his employment by Scotland Yard.—News Ed.)

When I reported to Sir Robert Nathan for his personal orders, I was told that my first assignment was to proceed to England at once and learn who was back of the Communist movement there.

I told him that for me to drop out of sight here suddenly and then turn up in England without any excuse would only create suspicion and that I would have "to prepare my Communist friends" for such a move. He agreed, and then for two months I continued in the Communist ranks here in such a way as to create a plausible reason for being sent to England. I knew that the moment I appeared in England my presence would be reported to New York Communists, and they would be asked about me. I would have to account for my presence or my whole mission there would fall as I would not be trusted.

Gets Strategic Position

I told Sir Robert that the very best way for me to go was as assistant surgeon on one of the trans-Atlantic liners. He told me he could do very little about this, but gave me a letter to Mr. Henry W. Marsh, the New York and London capitalist, and it was through that letter that I met Mr. Marsh, for whom I was to work later on. In fact, Sir Robert told me that in the future he would send his orders to me through Mr. Marsh. Mr. Marsh had steamship connections through his control of maritime insurance. He had so

much money that he went to the famous Warw in England and during he did important service in the United States for England was close to men high in government and President's Cabinet.

When I met him, I said he was familiar work, having learned it from me through Mr. Hoover, Department of Justice, through Sir Robert.

Mr. Marsh then gave me a blank of the Commission and told me to fill in the blank for the job of ship surgeon on the steamers. I could arrange to have pointed.

Instead of filling in at once I carried it around in my pockets for some time and then I told my comrades in the Communist movement. I told them that I was planning to do such a job and that if I would be in a fine position to do some important things in the Communist movement.

I explained to them that I would enable our leaders in New York to have a direct line of communication with the leaders in England. It was in this I hoped to be told just what plan was important to the Communists because all the orders from Moscow went to Stockholm to England, and then to New York and a trusted person running between New York and England was a great help to communism. It worked as planned. The Communists for the scheme, to use the word, and then they were anxious than ever to have the job.

Doctor on Mauretania

In June, 1919, I was no longer the Cunard Line of my ment as assistant surgeon wasn't I in good luck! I pointed to no less a steamer than the great Mauretania. I got myself a uniform and pictures taken in this fine

I had to get myself a States seaman's identification. I was appointed under the name of Doctor Jacob Nozovitsky the strength of Mr. Marsh's recommendation and my certificate as a graduate of the Detroit College (which certificate was improperly issued—News Ed.) Then I went to my comrades and told them of my good luck and they were pleased over it. To the meanest the safe and sure of all documents between New York and Moscow.

At this time Martens was so-called Ambassador to the United States and I had fairly intimate with him.

Mr. Martens sent me a letter and was very much

President of Mexico seeking recognition of the United States.

edged toward him through a dense crowd which had gathered about the table. Anderson looked at my winnings and the cash drawer and said quietly:

"Devil's luck on Christmas morning is a combination this game won't play against. You've broken the bank, Belasco, so far as this game is concerned. She's closed."

Welcome news to me, for I was at the breaking point. We adjourned to the bar, bought drinks for all and then went through the ordeal of handing out lavish "loans" to every "busted sport" who asked it.

Were this fiction I would tell of the new start we all achieved with the winning. But truth demands the admission that we went out to the stores, which had remained open all night to accommodate the night shifts, and bought gifts for everyone we knew, including our loved ones at home. Then we "put on a party" that lasted well past daylight, leaving us "stony broke" at breakfast time.

Money Valueless

A bit of foolish waste? Yes, but such was the mad spirit of Virginia City in those days. Money was of no value only in direct ratio to the pleasure it would bring, particularly money won from the gambling tables.

It was during this period of my career that Dion Boucicault came to Virginia City for a short engagement with the Piper company. We all stood a bit in awe of him, but he took an immediate fancy to me and one day, at the close of his engagement, asked me to aid him in construction of a new play.

He was a man of fiery temper, rascible under pressure of outside interruptions, but a man of enormous talent and remarkable memory. He was under contract to provide a play for A. M. Palmer of the Union Square Theater, New York, but his hands were crippled with rheumatism and he made me a proposition to act as amanuensis.

He was the terror of the hotel, or at the slightest noise he would use such a protest that the proprietor would silence everyone in order to bring about silence at once.

Dion Boucicault was a brilliant and indefatigable toiler. Everything he wrote, even adaptations, carried the Boucicault personality. His pen often was inspired and to my mind he was the greatest plus of the theater of the day. It is of this association sprang a very real friendship and I would not regret my Virginia City experience if I had achieved only a small association in return for my many months of hard work there. Each of my returns to Virginia

City and the camp in a more feverish state. Suddenly it became apparent that the offshootings of the world were making the camp their Mecca. Crimes of violence, accompanied by robbery, became more and more frequent, climaxing with the killing of a tubercular youth who had won a "home stake" at one of the gambling tables. It was generally understood that, because of his pride, a poker game had been "framed" for his benefit in order that he might win some \$3,000 already subscribed privately by charitably inclined folk.

Warned From Camp

His body, with the head crushed in and the pockets stripped, was found on the following morning in a snowdrift near his miserable shack. Public opinion rose to fever heat and all sought to discover the identity of the slayer. The man escaped but indignation continued and one night the more responsible citizens held a secret mass meeting in one of the mine shaft-houses.

On the following day scores of hangers-on received white envelopes in which were inclosed cards bearing the words:

"Be gone from camp in 24 hours."

Below was the signature—"601—The Vigilantes."

To the majority the warning was sufficient, for all knew of what the California Vigilantes had achieved in their clean-up campaign. The exodus was quite complete, apparently, but the camp thrilled to a new sensation when the word was passed around that one Arthur Perkins Heffernan—known generally as "Art Perkins"—had defied the Vigilantes and had announced his intention of shooting down the first person who molested him.

Heffernan was suspected of a number of brutal assaults and robberies, and at least one case of arson was attributed to him. Everyone waited with tingling nerves for the clash they felt was bound to come and the sensation was the sole topic for conversation everywhere.

At midnight one night late in March I was passing through one of the back streets when two men leaped out of a doorway, grasped my arms and threw me to the ground. Instantly their hands passed over my clothing apparently in search of weapons.

Recognition Follows

"No gun—no knife," one reported to the other, apparently mystified. I was dragged to my feet, but still was held in an iron grip. Simultaneously two armed groups

of men approached from each side and surrounded us. The men were masked, carried muskets, to which the old-fashioned knife bayonets were affixed.

"We got him—but he's unarmed," said one of my captors.

With an exclamation of surprise, the leader stepped forward, jerked the hat from my head and threw it disgustedly to the ground.

"Damnation!" he growled, "you've captured Dave Belasco, from the Opera House."

With that the men dropped their hold on me, but the ring did not open for me to depart. A whispered consultation followed, after which the leader turned to me and said:

"You're in this because a mistake has been made, so you'll have to go through with it. Tie your handkerchief over your face, keep your mouth shut—and remember that if you recognize anyone tonight, you're to forget his identity. Otherwise it will be the same thing for you."

Here was adventure, indeed. Apparently I had been mistaken for some malefactor by the Vigilantes. Suddenly a great light dawned on me. Heffernan—"Art Perkins"—was about my size and build; actually he bore a close resemblance to me. Also I knew he lived in the row of houses near where I had been caught.

Battle in the Snow

Again the forces were hidden. Three men at each end of the street, three others in nearby doorways, and two behind an old packing case ready to pounce on the outlaw as he passed. I was taken by the leader behind a clump of bushes, with the admonition to keep quiet and say and do nothing.

It seemed that we waited there for hours. Then came the crunch of footsteps on the snow and "Perkins" came slipping ghost-like along the street. Uneasily he probed the snow-gleam ahead of him, at the same time casting many glances along the back-trail.

He was nearing the dark doorway where lurked the two men who had overpowered me. Three steps, two—one—then he whirled, his hand flashed to his pocket and a flash of flame stabbed the darkness as his assailants leaped upon him. Twice again his gun spoke as the street guards ran in from their hiding places and the leader, gun in hand, sprang from behind the bushes which screened us.

For a few seconds a cursing, struggling group milled about in the snow, then resolved itself into separate forms as one by one the men arose. I had followed the leader and as we approached the spot I saw Heffernan held prone in the grasp

of two men. His weight on the snow where it had been thrown after being wrested from his hand. Apparently his shirt had gone wild, as all of the Vigilantes were unhurt. One man was doubled over gasping from a chance kick delivered in the struggle, but his wheezing was covered by the order to bind the prisoner's arms and "bring him along."

Judge Lynch Fast

Silently other men, handkerchiefs masked, made their way up from the surrounding district until more than two-score stood about Heffernan. He was ghastly pale and across his face was a smudge of blood, but he did not vouch safe a word as his arms were jerked behind him and pinioned.

In silence the party moved toward a giant mountain pine near the Belcher shaft, guards falling out at a short distance from the gallows-tree on a whispered order from the leader to keep all stray intruders at a distance.

Heffernan was stationed under a jutting limb and a dark figure detached itself from the circle to send a rope whizzing over the branch. The rope was knotted about the prisoner's neck and for the first time I realized that I stood in the mysterious and terrible presence of Judge Lynch.

"Arthur"—this in the deep voice of the leader, a voice I recognized but never admitted knowing—"your race is run. Tomorrow your friends will find you here with the ace of clubs pinned to your breast—the death card. See, here it is."

And the leader affixed the playing card of grisly superstition to the condemned man's clothing.

"Anything to say?" he asked, stepping back with upraised hand. Heffernan's eyes met his squarely. "I'll tell you in hell, Mr. Blank," he replied, using the leader's name. The latter started anxiously, stepped back and let his upraised hand fall.

That was the signal and in another second Arthur Perkins Heffernan dangled from the limb, his unbound feet twitching convulsively. Sickened by the sight, I stood nerveless, watching every gruesome struggle until quiet came. Then a hand tapped me on the shoulder and a voice said:

"Go home, David Belasco, and forget what you have seen."

I obeyed—and years passed before I broke my silence. Even today I keep secret the name of the man who, I know in my heart, led the execution crew that night, but it was a name prominent for years afterward in California and Nevada financial affairs.

(Copyright, 1925, Cosmes News-Service, San Francisco, Calif.)